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AUGUST 1967

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MANCHESTER UNITED:

Manchester United's John Aston leaps to head the ball while colleague Noel Cantwell looks on. The Victoria player is Bill Cook. This match ended 1-1, and was the only game in Australia that United failed to win. (O.)

TOUR IS A HUGE SUCCESS

reports Andrew Dettre from Australia

ONE hefty punch thrown in anger almost wrecked Manchester United's Australian tour. The executor of the punch was United's Denis Law and the recipient a Sydney player, Ron Giles — currently recovering from a fractured cheekbone injury.

The incident happened in the second game of United's eight-match tour, in Sydney, and was largely unprovoked. With United leading 3-0 a couple of minutes from the end, Giles was shoving Law in the goalmouth. The blond Scot must have experienced much worse buffetings than this in English League football, not to mention internationals on the Continent. Yet he lashed out fiercely with such a force that Giles collapsed. As a result, he missed some six weeks of football and had to have an operation.

Law later expressed his regret —and started a fund to compensate the Australian player for his considerable expenses. All the United players chipped in and this gesture succeeded in patching up what might have turned into a tour-spoiling affair.

And this would have been a great pity. Manchester United's tour Down Under is considered the most successful ever, by any standards. Over 200,000 people saw their eight matches in the various capital cities and applauded the dynamic skill of Charlton, the dazzling virtuosity of Best and the others.

Noticed

Law, nursing a thigh injury from the Scotland-Russia match, only appeared twice. In the Sydney match he headed a lovely goal soon after the start and delivered the face-lift to Giles towards the end; in between, you hardly noticed him on the field. In fact, most Sydneysiders were astounded, after his display, that Law is regarded as "Britain's most complete footballer."

To make up for Law's quiet tour matches, manager Matt Busby produced a brilliant youngster in Brian Kidd. If ever a star was born while on tour in Australia, it was this tall, well-built, babyfaced youngster who often stole the show even from Charlton and Best. Blessed with an easy, relaxed style so reminiscent of Hungary's Albert and possessing tremendous positional sense plus a fine shot, Kidd appears certain to reach the very heights of English soccer. I will be more than surprised if he doesn't become a regular in the United attack as from now on —and even a Ramsay choice within a year or so. Remember the name: Brian Kidd.

Just before the start of the Manchester tour, "Scotland" played three full internationals against Australia, one apiece in Sydney, Adelaide and Melbourne. Because of the mass withdrawal of the originally selected Scottish stars, manager Bobby Brown could only bring a scratch team made up of a few well-known players — McCalliog, Penman, Morgan, Hope — and a lot of little-known others from English and Scottish League clubs.

Predictably, "Scotland" had to fight all the way in their three matches, winning 1-0, 2-1 and 2-0 against Australia. Not one of the players will be remembered by Australian fans a year from now —especially not the highly-rated McCalliog who did almost nothing to justify his reputation.

Despite the cool, sometimes even hostile publicity—resenting the absence of the stars from the team — the Scottish team drew amazingly well: over 60,000 people turned up to watch them in action. This, considering that one of the three was a midweek fixture under lights, was a pleasant surprise.

Opposition

While speaking of Manchester United and Scotland, it is impossible not to mention a vital aspect of their visits: the remarkably strong opposition the Australian teams put up against the tourists. Australia were far from outclassed by the Scots in the three matches and, with a bit of luck, could have drawn at least once. The various State sides, especially Victoria and New South Wales, surprised even Matt Busby with their vastly improved standards and modern game. Victoria's 1-1 draw with the great United will undoubtedly give the game a great boost in and around Melbourne where soccer is small fry compared to "Australian Rules Football," a sickly descendant of Gaelic football, a sort of religion in that part of the country.

Even ten years ago just about any club team from Britain, playing at the same holiday-pace as Manchester did, would have run up cricket scores in Australia. Hearts of Midlothian and Blackpool did it in the late 1950's, not to mention the FA team in 1951, which, on a balmy Sunday afternoon, defeated Australia 17-0 in Sydney—probably some kind of a record.

These days are now well and truly over. While still a long way from the top English standards, Australia is finally capable of preparing and fielding skilled teams that make these matches contests instead of exhibitions.

So it looks as though Australia has finally grown up, both on and off the field. One day—who knows—we may even be accepted as a soccer country in the very best circles.

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

World Soccer

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Ice Hockey punishment for Soccer?

asks BRIAN GLANVILLE

THERE is nothing new in the suggestion that soccer players should be punished by being sent off for brief periods, after the fashion of ice hockey players. There *is* something new about the context in which it is made. For the problem of violent play, deliberately rough tactics, grows worse week by week, all over the world. At a time when defence has never been more resolute and ruthless, the foul has quite clearly become an instrument of policy.

Recently, a leading Argentinian sports magazine bemoaned the fact that most fouls actually benefited the team which committed them. More recently still, Mr. Norman Creek, manager of the Great Britain amateur team which acquitted itself so well in Rome, in 1960, made a radical suggestion for getting guilty teams to behave better, at free kicks. If, he wrote, a team did not immediately fall back the requisite ten yards, then another free kick should be taken, ten yards beyond where the first one was awarded. And if that free kick happened to be in the penalty area — then it should be transformed into a penalty kick.

I sympathise with the hotly moral feelings behind Mr. Creek's suggestion, though I find it altogether too draconian, and somewhat impracticable. How, in the first place, does one define the crime? In what precise circumstances must a team's defensive "wall" take up its position, at least ten yards away, at a free kick? Within exactly how many seconds? In my view, the practice would put an impossible extra burden on referees, vastly increase the tension and bad temper in the game, and end by being quite self-defeating. Besides, surely a penalty kick is a pretty harsh punishment for what, after all, is really no more than gamesmanship.

Memory

Still, the memory of the "goal" scored by Peter Lorimer for Leeds United against Chelsea, in last season's Cup semi-final at Villa Park, remains very green in the mind. Let me briefly recall the circumstances. Chelsea, a goal up, committed a foul just outside and to the right of their penalty area, in the very last minute. In effect, it was Leeds' ultimate chance to save the game. The Chelsea wall, though it did not seem to procrastinate inordinately, took some time to go back to the required distance. From where I sat, it seemed to me that the referee was embroiled in arguing with them, or admonishing them; that he made a very palpable gesture not to take the kick. Certainly he had his back still to the play when suddenly Giles pushed the ball to Lorimer, whose tremendous right footed shot whistled past Bonetti, into the net. When the goal was disallowed, it didn't surprise me a bit but the disappointment of the Leeds players was wholly explicable. Who could blame them? And it was a fairly solid argument for those who claim that such fouls usually help the team guilty of them, rather than the team which suffers. How often, after all, has one seen a blatant foul just outside the penalty box prevent an obvious goal at the cost of a mere free kick, when so many penalties are given for lesser offences in the area?

It was particularly ironical that concern about the situation should be manifested in Buenos Aires, for the Argentinians are the very past masters of the calculated foul, as they showed above all in their World Cup quarter-final against England, at Wembley, in July last year. There may be doubt and debate over whether the captain, Antonio Rattin, should have been sent off; Herr Kreitlein's quoted statement that he banished him for "the look on his face" was less than satisfactory. But there was no doubt at all that a side as unscrupulous and unprincipled as Argentina deserved a graver punishment for their long series of callous, "policy" fouls than a mere, corresponding series of free kicks.

And so to the question of ice hockey penalties. Is there not some half-way house between the innocuous free kick, and the final punishment of total expulsion — which referees, by and large, are so chary of administering? My own objection used, in the past, to be that the punishment was too severe; that football was in no way really analogous with ice hockey. The ice hockey rink is small, the football field is large. The loss of a player for a few minutes is merely inconvenient in ice hockey; it could be disastrous in football.

My present feeling is, so much the better. If a team knew that a bad foul might cost it the services of the culprit for several minutes, its manager might be less ready to condone such tactics. For make no mistake, the manager and his directors are the ultimate villains. How many of them will drop a player for a serious foul as Rudolf Vytlacil dropped Seitl of Rapid of Vienna, after he was sent off the field against Bayern Munich, in the Cup Winners' Cup? How many managers will speak out loud and clear as did Oronzo Pugliese of Roma, when a referee sent off his centre-forward, Enzo, for a retaliatory foul: "The referee did very well to send him off"?

It might be argued, and some referees would no doubt argue, that the burden of decision—when to send a man off, how long for—would be too great for them. Why on earth should it, when ice hockey referees have been shouldering it quite unconcernedly for years, in a sport far more violent than soccer?

Sending off would not take the place of the free-kick; any more than it does at the moment. The player would go, and the free-kick would be given and taken, just the same. I would suggest a minimum banishment period of ten minutes, long enough for the offending and depleted team really to feel it. The maximum, as always, would be sending off for good—and no doubt there would be a danger of some craven referees banishing a man for a limited period, when he should, really go off for the rest of the match. We should simply have to run the risk of that.

After ten minutes, the penalty could rise in multiples of five or ten; up to, say, half-an-hour; after which any expulsion should be permanent.

Recognition

It might be argued that such penalties have done little to clear up rough play in ice hockey; that they are really little more than a recognition of the sport's intrinsic violence. I don't think this is wholly true. In the first place, the free hit, the equivalent of the free kick, is pretty useless in a sport whose playing area is so small. In the second, the fact that soccer is a less violent sport than ice hockey — with its many built-in irritants and provocations — would surely make such punishment more effective; irrespective of the fact that it would be more severe, as I have demonstrated.

The method, in short, is worth a try. I don't see any other viable solution to the viciousness of players, the ruthlessness of defences, the callousness of managers, the cowardice of referees. Norman Creek's idea is chimerical, and the logic, or lack of it, of the game inevitably dictates a lack of justice in the punishment of offences; the penalty-line, after all, is wholly arbitrary. And now let discussion, international discussion, commence!

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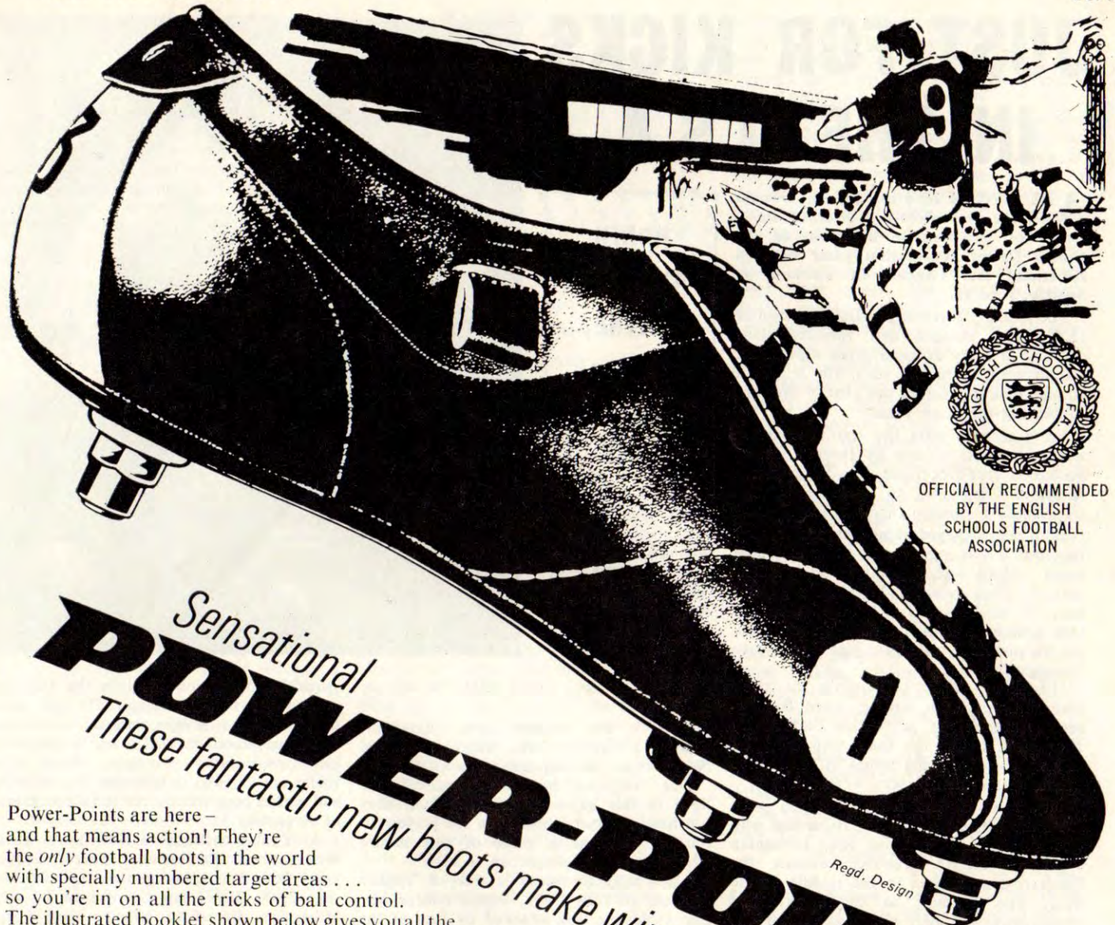

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NORTH AMERICAN SCENE by COLIN JOSE

ART KING, 6 ft. 4 in., 240 lb. Toronto referee was viciously attacked by a crowd of irresponsible hooligans at the United Soccer Association game between Hibernian and Cagliari in Toronto on Sunday, June 18.

The strongly partisan pro-Italian crowd of 15,178 had shouted and whistled their derision at every decision given against the Italian team from the start, for it was a strange case of over 90 per cent of the fans supporting the away team.

Forty seconds after the start, the crowd was stunned to silence as Peter Cormack hooked a free-kick from Jim Scott past a surprised Reginato to give Hibernian (representing Toronto City) the lead.

Both teams played some fine soccer after this, but it was mixed with some hard and often vicious tackling. After 30 minutes' play, Cagliari defender Miguel Longo was sent off for butting Jim Scott in the face. One minute from half-time Peter Cormack got his marching orders for kicking Roberto Boningsegna.

Hibernian clung tenaciously to their lead until the 70th minute, when Boningsegna headed in a corner taken by Francesco Rizzo. The fans, who had previously been throwing things at the referee and the Hibernian players, went wild.

Urged on by the crowd, Cagliari went after the winner, but it was Hibernian who got it. With 12 minutes left, Hibernian were awarded a free-kick outside the Cagliari penalty area in the middle of the field. The Italians, as usual, protested vehemently, but Mr. King waved for the kick to be taken, with the Italians still protesting. The kick was taken with a number of Italians still around Mr. King and the ball was pushed through to Colin Grant, who rounded Reginato and scored.

The referee awarded a goal, and immediately pandemonium broke loose. All the Italian players surrounded him, and he was pushed and shoved, and I distinctly saw goalkeeper Reginato punch him.

Soon after, Reginato picked up the ball and waved to the rest of the team to leave the field, which they did. With the Scottish team lined up ready to resume, Mr. King retrieved the ball and placed it on the centre spot, but by now the crowd had invaded the field.

An ugly situation developed in which Mr. King was attacked by a howling mob, and eventually he left the field under a police escort, limping and doubled up in agony. Even then some idiot in the stands threw a seat at him as he went down the tunnel.

Mr. King, who earlier in the month had had a difficult time with the Mexicans in Montreal, is to be complimented on the excellent manner in which he handled this game throughout, and for his courage in returning to the centre of the field in the face of an angry crowd after the Italians had walked off.

Roy Vernon, who played for Stoke City (representing Cleveland Stokers) in the United States Association. (MacLennan 1.)

Here is the Cagliari team: Reginato; Tiddia, Longoni; Cera, Vescovi, Longo; Nene, Rizzo, Boningsegna, Massei, Greatti.

One thing was brought dramatically to light in this game—Varsity Stadium does not have adequate protection for players or officials to stage a game of this nature where national feelings run so high.

Apparently the same is true of Yankee Stadium in New York, where referee Mr. Leo Goldstein was attacked by fans at the Cerro v. Cagliari game. Mr. Goldstein ran into the dressing-room with three minutes left to play, after trouble had erupted between several Cagliari players and Rotulo, the Cerro wing-half.

Second phase

The second phase of the North American soccer blitz started on Friday evening, May 26, when the opening game of the United Soccer Association schedule was played in Washington DC.

A crowd of 9,403 was on hand to see the Washington Whips play the Cleveland Stokers. Maurice Setters gave Cleveland the lead after eight minutes' play, but Jim Storrie tied the score for Washington five minutes before half-time. A fine goal by Roy Vernon, who beat two defenders and then slammed the ball into the roof of the net, gave Cleveland victory in the 63rd minute.

The stage was set for five other weekend games, and three more the following Wednesday. The ten United States and two Canadian cities in the league are represented by two South American and ten European clubs.

In the other opening games, there was a crowd of 34,965 on hand in the Houston Astrodome to see Bangu tie 1-1 with Wolves. Paulo Borges scored for Bangu, but Dave Woodfield tied it for Wolves with just two minutes remaining. Bangu had Ubirajara in goal despite the fact that he had earlier been transferred to Independiente of Argentina.

At Yankee Stadium in New York, where the National Professional Soccer League entry have been playing to crowds of less than 3,000, 21,871 saw Cerro draw 1-1 with Hibernian. Benedicto Ribeiro gave Cerro the lead after 41 minutes, but Alan McGraw got the equaliser with 22 minutes left. The teams for this game were:—

Cerro: Garcia; Dalmao, Masnik; Camera, Gonzales, Rotulo; Martirena, Ribeiro, Suarez, Silva, Bareno. (Substitutes: Gabria, Fontoro.)

Hibernian: Allan; Duncan, Davis; Stanton, Madsen, Cousin; Quinn, Cormack, Scott, McGraw, Stevenson. (Substitutes: Grant, O'Rourke.)

The biggest shock of the first weekend was on the West Coast, where the Dutch team ADO beat Sunderland 6-1. Ted Houwaart scored three of the goals for ADO, while the others came from Lambert Maasen (2) and Harry Heynen. Colin Suggett scored the lone Sunderland goal.

At the Manning Bowl in Lynn, Massachusetts, on the northern outskirts of Boston, Glentoran tied 1-1 with the hometown Shamrock Rovers before 7,300 people. Mickey Leech scored for the Rovers and John Colrain for Glentoran.

In the Mid-West, Cagliari lost at home in Chicago to Dundee United 1-0 through a goal by Finn Dossing in the 63rd minute; 5,872 people saw the game.

Of the three games played on the Wednesday evening, Shamrock Rovers drew 0-0 with Cerro in the Manning Bowl, while Stoke opened their home season with a 1-1 draw with Cagliari. Mike Bernard scored for Stoke and former England international centre-forward Gerry Hitchens for Cagliari.

In Toronto it was Scottish night, and a crowd of 12,000-plus saw Aberdeen score a 2-1 win over the local team in an action-packed attacking game. A tremendous shot by inside-right Jim Smith after five minutes' play gave Aberdeen a 1-0 interval lead.

Hibernian did most of the attacking in the second half, but a breakaway goal by Jim Storrie increased Aberdeen's lead. Excellent and intelligent positional goalkeeping by Bobby Clark kept Hibernian out until the 62nd minute, when Peter Cormack scored. After this, Hibernian missed a lot of chances, but Aberdeen held out until the final whistle. The crowd gave both teams a standing ovation at the end.

A total of 114,645 spectators watched the first nine games, this is compared to 123,735 for the first 20 games in the National Professional Soccer League.

Wolves have been the real surprise team to date, and at the time of writing are undefeated after five games, and top the Western Division. Wolves, newly promoted to the English First Division, have achieved this record despite having had serious injury problems. In their game in Toronto, where they beat Hibernian 2-1, they had to use manager Ronnie Allen as a substitute. Using a 4-3-3 system, Wolves lined up: Parkes; Wilson, Holsgrove, Hawkins, Thomson; Wagstaffe, Dougan, Burnside; Knowles, Evans, Buckley.

Around the league, two clubs have made important signings for the future. San Francisco have signed Ferenc Puskas as player-coach for when the club goes it alone next season, while Bobby Robson, who was capped 20 times for England, has been released by Fulham to accept the same position with Vancouver.

EASTERN DIVISION

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Cleveland Stokers ...	**6**	**4**	**2**	**0**	**12**	**4**	**10**
Washington Whips ..	5	2	1	2	9	6	6
Toronto City	5	2	1	2	7	6	5
Detroit Cougars	5	1	3	1	6	8	5
New York Skyliners	7	0	3	4	6	11	3
Boston Rovers	6	0	2	4	4	8	2

WESTERN DIVISION

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Los Angeles Wolves	**5**	**3**	**2**	**0**	**9**	**4**	**8**
San Francisco Gales	6	3	1	2	17	14	7
Houston	6	2	2	1	9	6	6
Chicago Mustangs ..	6	1	3	2	6	7	5
Vancouver Canad'ns	5	2	1	2	8	12	5
Dallas Tornados ...	5	1	1	3	3	10	3

(Up to and including Sunday, June 18)

In the National Professional Soccer League, league commissioner Ken Macker is still trying to get the league recognised, and recently attended a FIFA meeting in Munich with this aim in view. However, he has once more been sent back to the States, and told he has to go through the national associations.

The ten NPSL clubs should think themselves lucky they are not involved with ice hockey, for franchises in the newly-expanded National Hockey League cost two million dollars each, not the paltry (by comparison) $25,000 the soccer associations are asking.

The position in the league has changed considerably since last month when Pittsburgh and St. Louis were dominating things. Now it is the turn of the California Clippers to take over the leadership from St. Louis in the Western Division, and Baltimore to emerge on top in the east, with Pittsburgh dropping to second.

Both Pittsburgh and St. Louis have slipped badly recently, and in Pittsburgh's case it would seem that at least part of their trouble is off the field. Co Prins was suspended for a while and then gave up the job of player-coach. Now Pittsburgh have signed their fourth coach in their short history. He is Pepi Grubner, who at one time coached Ajax. Pittsburgh have also signed a new goalkeeper, Bertus Hoogerman, from DWS Amsterdam.

Ivan Toplak, formerly coach of Red Star Belgrade, can be very proud of the way his California Clippers have been playing of late, and part of his success may be due to the fact that he has kept his team together, and that a large percentage of the players are from Yugoslavia.

California are also using a very interesting system, with an attacking centre-half, which looks very much like Karl Rappan's *Verrou* system. It is very good to watch, and Ilja Mitic, in the attacking centre-half role, does a first-class job, while he is very ably assisted in midfield by Tran Hoftvedt.

California Clippers: Stojanovic; Scott, Cop, Gavric; Davidovic, Mitic, Hoftvedt; Marin, Milosevic, Baesso, Rowan.

Personnel of most of the teams has remained fairly stable, except at Toronto, where the Falcons have signed Ladislav Kubala, the famous international inside-forward. Under the coaching of Fernando Daucik, Toronto have improved considerably after their dismal start. In particular, Argentinian winger Oscar Lopez from Lanus has been catching the eye of a lot of people.

Incidentally, the commentator on the televised home games of the Toronto Falcons, Norm Marshall, is by far the best soccer commentator of any I have heard.

EASTERN DIVISION

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Baltimore Bays	**13**	**6**	**3**	**4**	**19**	**17**	**67**
Pittsburgh Phantoms	14	5	3	6	30	34	63
Atlanta Chiefs	12	5	3	4	25	19	61
Philadelphia Spart'ns	11	5	4	2	18	9	57
New York Generals	12	2	3	7	13	20	33

WESTERN DIVISION

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
California Clippers ..	**14**	**9**	**2**	**3**	**27**	**18**	**86**
Los Angeles Toros ..	16	5	7	4	21	20	72
St. Louis Stars	13	6	4	3	20	14	65
Chicago Spurs	16	2	7	7	17	28	49
Toronto Falcons ...	15	4	1	10	23	34	49

(Up to and including June 13)

Other news around the league. Janos Bedl, who formerly coached Pittsburgh, is now coach at Chicago. Jack Mansell, who used to coach Rotherham United, has signed as the coach of the Boston Beacons, who will play in the NPSL next year. Former Bolton Wanderers full-back Roy Hartle came out of retirement recently to help plug the holes in the leaky New York defence. Hartle is assistant to coach Freddie Goodwin.

Yorkshire referee Peter Rhodes, who sparked a controversy after announcing that he called some infringements in a NPSL game in order to facilitate television commercials, has announced his retirement after 30 years as a referee.

In view of the fact that he stepped on the toes of the TV moguls, it leads one to ponder: "Did he fall or was he pushed?"

President Lyndon B. Johnson receives a season's pass to Washington Whips' soccer matches from Earl Foreman (centre), President of the Whips, while Dick Walsh (left), commissioner of the United Soccer Association, holds the ball which he presented to the President. (O.)

EUROPEAN LEAGUE REVIEW .. THAT'S IT FOR 1966-67

★ by Roger Macdonald ★

AUSTRIA

RED faces in the Austrian radio service, where the championship was so close that they announced—temporarily—that the wrong team had won, because some errant mathematician quickly miscalculated the goal average. In fact, Rapid Vienna beat Wacker Innsbruck by 0.007 of a goal, after the teams had been neck and neck throughout the second half of the season.

Innsbruck made up three goals on Rapid on the 25th day, when they beat Klagenfurt 5.0 away while Rapid scored twice without reply at Bregenz. On the final Sunday, Rapid beat Admira 3-1, and Innsbruck scored another five goals against Bregenz . . . but conceded one, which was enough to cost them the title. The championship was the closest on record, the previous smallest margin of victory being 0.654 of a goal, when Vienna Sportklub won the title in 1954-55.

Rapid's victory was another testimony to the talents of Rudolf Vytlacil, their Czech-born manager, who joined them from Bulgaria after the 1966 World Cup. Vytlacil now has a place in the World Cup final (with Czechoslovakia in 1962), the Bulgarian championship (Levski in 1965) and the Austrian championship to his credit, and with better luck, Rapid would have replaced Bayern Munich in the Cup-Winners' Cup final.

His team last season was built around Glechner, a strong and resourceful centre-half, and two international forwards, Flogel and Starek. However, Nuremberg have made a strong bid for the services of Gustl Starek, aged 22, and in spite of Vytlacil's efforts he seems likely to leave for West Germany.

BULGARIA

SLAVIA, beaten by Rangers in the Cup-Winners' Cup, made a determined but fruitless effort to catch Botev Plovdiv, a town whose bubbling atmosphere and romantic background is untouched by Communism even after two decades. Botev, who last won the title 38 years ago, when Bulgarian football was in its infancy, were relentless against weak opposition and gave nothing away against the stronger teams.

Their 1-1 draw at home to Slavia two weeks from the end of the season kept their three-point lead, and another draw against Spartak Sofia—goalless, and after several moments of peril—was enough to clinch the championship, for Slavia could do no better than draw 1-1 again, away to the other Botev, of Bourgas. The final matches, in which Plovdiv lost 4-2 at Donnav and Slavia beat Marek 1-0, were completely academic.

Botev Plovdiv may do well in the European Cup, as their team lacks nothing in organisation and will-power. Their manager, the well-known international referee, Guénov, has been with the club for ten years; he was decisive in persuading a famous international, Vassil Spassov, to become coach. Spassov, revered by Bulgarian footballers, made huge demands on the goodwill of the Botev team, who trained harder than ever before; he reorganised the defence around the veteran captain, Stoinov, and gave full rein to the abilities of two fast and dangerous wingers, Dermendjiev and Popov.

GEORGI ASPAROUKHOV. (Metelmann.)

These internationals scored 14 and 12 goals respectively for Botev, the club's best totals, but the leading marksman was Jekov, who scored 21 times for the Beróe club of Starazagora. CSKA dropped to fifth, exhausted by their efforts against Inter-Milan; Levski, always erratic, badly missed Asparoukhov, who scored very few goals, hurting his knee again and did not finish the season.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

POISED to keep the championship, Dukla collapsed astonishingly in the final weeks. Three matches from the end Dukla, Slovan Bratislava and Sparta Prague were level on 31 points—yet Sparta won by four points from Slovan and six from Dukla.

Mraz's dramatic change of clubs proved decisive, for when Sparta beat Dukla 2-0, the first goal came in the opening minute from his spectacular header. The second came from Joseph Jurkanin, the final achievement in a remarkable week in which he passed his university entrance exams and was picked to play for Czechoslovakia against Turkey in the European Championship.

Seven minutes from time Masopust was sent off for the second time in his career—not for rough play, but for pacing out ten yards from the position of a free-kick after the referee had flatly refused to do so. He was suspended from Dukla's final match against Bohemians, eleventh in the table, who won 2-1, no doubt to the delight of their former player and our correspondent, Jiri Vais.

Slovan lost 1-0 to the rising Spartak Trnava, conceding the title to Sparta, who beat Trencin 5-0. Mraz, who has a degree in physical education, scored all five goals—not quite enough to catch Adamec, who scored 21 times for Trnava in league matches.

EAST GERMANY

KARLMARXSTADT, league leaders since the seventh week, won the championship for the first time. They made sure of the title two weeks from the end, by beating Rostok 1-0 in an away match. Lokomotive (or Sportklub) Leipzig, who had attracted attention by beating Benfica earlier in the year, were beaten 2-1 at Iena, and were thus six points behind with two matches left to play.

Karlmarxstadt are coached by Horst Scherbaum, former Leipzig player, and have an excellent left-wing partnership in Erler and Vogel, regular members of the national side. But it remains to be seen whether they can do better in the European Cup than the experienced Vorwäerts Berlin, who finished eighth after a dismal season.

GREECE

THE championship resumed for everyone but the leaders, Olympiakos, whose match at Venja had to be postponed after a cloudburst had turned the pitch into a fair imitation of a lake. The French referee, Raynard, flown in specially for the match, insisted on it being played the next day, when Olympiakos drew 1-1, after some disgruntled encounters with large areas of mud.

AEK Athens stayed one point behind, two goals from Ventouris beating Algaleo, then scored an easy 3-0 win against Pierikos, with Ventouris scoring another exceptional goal Olympiakos, watched by 25,000, were a little fortunate to beat Algaleo, Gaitatzis scoring the decisive goal in the 52nd minute.

However, AEK dropped a home point (in Greece, remember, they award three for a win, two for a draw, and one for a match finished without a riot!) in a goalless draw with Ethnikos, while Olympiakos recaptured their best form away to Proodertiki. They won 4-0, Sideris scoring twice, and a defender, Spetseris, performing a bicycle kick into his own goal.

AEK now had to beat Olympiakos away to retain an interest in the championship, which proved beyond their powers. The Greek F.A. flew in Ken Dagnall as referee to stop any accusations of bribery, and he controlled a potentially difficult match before 35,000 in immaculate fashion. Papioannou headed AEK into the lead from a clever free-kick by Stamatiadis, but Gaitatzis equalised, and there was no further scoring. On the last, irrelevant afternoon AEK beat Proodertiki 4-3; but Olympiakos, 3-0 up against Ethnikos, thought it was just too hot to take the second half seriously and eventually only drew.

HUNGARY

AT the summer break Ferencvaros hold as emphatic a lead as Vasas did a year ago, seven points ahead of Ujpest, 14 wins and a draw in 15 matches, 40 goals scored and only 20 conceded. Their coach, the 46-year-old geography professor, Karoly Lakat, explains the secret of their success: "I knew I could take their intelligence for granted; I had to restore their zest for the game, their will to win, and I think I have."

Albert has been in brilliant form, though he has scored just 12 goals, six less than Dunai of Ujpest. With Vasas fading, Farkas has lost his scoring touch, a mere six in 15 games, though these included a magnificent shot to beat Ujpest. Honved, down to seventh place, took the drastic step of dropping Tichy, their international forward, for the two matches before the break.

Vasas, fourth behind Györ, lost an expensive away point against Csepel, where tempers got out of hand in the closing minutes and both Farkas and Molnar were sent off by an indignant referee. This was scarcely ideal preparation for the crucial encounter with Ferencvaros, which attracted 40,000 the following Sunday. Puskas, nevertheless, put them ahead after three minutes from a clever pass by the full-back, Ihasz, only for Katon to equalise quickly with an opportunist goal. Ferencvaros took both points in the 71st minute when Albert beat three defenders in a dribble, Meszöly fell on the ball and handled it, and the Italian referee, Marchi, awarded a penalty from which Szoke scored.

George Sideris (Olympiakos). (O.)

LUXEMBURG

JEUNESSE ESCH made certain of the championship by beating Spora 3-0: they were never overtaken during the season, in spite of several indifferent performances during the closing matches. Most of the credit for their six-point victory must go to the curious polyglot defence assembled by their French coach, Louis Goussot—a Luxemburger in goal, the excellent international, René Houffman; a German, Langer; two Italians, Tagliatesta and Di Genova; and two Frenchmen, Hnatow and Moquin.

On the final day a Union Sportive forward, Johnny Léonard, scored six out of eight goals in an 8-1 victory against Rapid Neudorf, who gave up after their goalkeeper had departed through injury. Substitutes, it seems, are still a rarity on the Continent.

POLAND

GORNIK, almost high and dry with a 1-0 away win at LKS Lodz, unexpectedly faltered at home to Szombierki, and were beaten by the same score. Zaglebie, who had meanwhile beaten Wisla home and away, 4-2 and 2-1, closed the gap to one point, but could not improve the position.

On the penultimate Sunday they were beaten at Lodz, 2-0, while Gornik won easily, 3-0, at Stal, Lubanski scoring two superb goals and Kowalski adding the third. So the expected decider, Zaglebie versus Gornik, decided nothing, and Gornik already champions, drew 2-2 to keep their three point lead. Zaglebie, however, could be more than satisfied with their performance after a run of injuries to Piecyk, Bazan, Jarosik and Galeczka, that had a crucial effect on the destination of the championship.

RUMANIA

RAPID BUCHAREST won the league title for the first time in a quarter of a century, though they were all but caught on the post by Dynamo. Rapid drew their last match against the outgoing champions, Petrolul Ploesti, no score, and were fortunate not to lose; Dynamo drew 1-1 at home to Arad, hit the woodwork twice and were desperately unlucky not to win. Rapid, champions by two points, owe their success

● *Continued overleaf*

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EUROPEAN LEAGUE REVIEW

● *Continued from previous page*

to a single goalscorer, Jean Ionescu, and a strong defence, which conceded only 21 goals in 26 games. Ploesti, who dropped to ninth place with ten defeats, faded badly after their valiant efforts in the European Cup against Liverpool.

SWITZERLAND

BASLE took the cup (see World Diary) and league double for the first time, living dangerously while Lugano and Zurich pressed them hard in the final weeks of the season. They lost Kunz, their international goalkeeper, in a 4-1 victory against Bienne; drew no score at Winterthur, then 2-2 against Grasshoppers before 32,000.

Lugano beat Grasshoppers 3-0 but had a costly defeat, 5-3, at Lausanne, and in spite of a 2-1 win at la Chaux-de-Fonds, they remained a point behind at the finish. So did Zurich, though their form towards the end, when they beat Young Fellows 5-0, Young Boys 2-1 and Lausanne 1-0, must give rise to optimism for the next campaign.

YUGOSLAVIA

IN immense heat, Dynamo Zagreb made a fine effort to catch Sarajevo at the post, beating Red Star Belgrade 1-0 on their own ground. Fifty thousand people turned out in their shirtsleeves, some to see the Red Star captain, Melic, make his final appearance before signing for a French club, Sochaux.

Dynamo's neighbours, Zagreb FC, did them a good turn by defeating Partizan Belgrade 2-1, but Sarajevo, who needed only one point to make sure of the championship, did not falter at the finish. They beat the bottom club, Celik, 5-2, three goals coming from their young star, Musemic.

In the closing weeks Dynamo and Partizan Belgrade, despite producing a completely new team last season, began to catch Sarajevo. Partizan beat the previous champions, Vojvodina, 1-0 in a disgraceful game in which four players were sent off, three others injured, and the winning goal came from a doubtful penalty awarded by the whistle-happy referee. Vojvodina promptly defeated Sarajevo 4-2, allowing Dynamo Zagreb to take over the leadership, if precariously, after a 1-0 win against Radnicki, another penalty goal.

Partizan, losing impetus, could only draw 1-1 against Velez and lost 2-1 away to Hadjuk Split. Sarajevo recovered with a 2-1 victory against Vadar, while Dynamo, shaken by the accident to Lamza (see World Diary) dropped two precious points in a 3-2 reverse at Rijeka. Partizan beat Olympija 4-1 the following week-end, but Dynamo could not score against Sarajevo, who packed their goal and kept a two-point lead with that most familiar occurrence in Europe last season, the goalless draw.

TURKEY

THERE was a close finish in the Turkish championship, with Besiktas finally emerging as champions, two points clear of Fenerbahce, who, in their turn, were two points in front of the third-placed club, Galatasaray.

Besiktas took the honours with 45 points from the 32 matches played and had a goal average of 44-15, which was quite the best defensive record in the competition and the third best attacking one!

Honours in attack, however, went to Galatasaray, who scored 53 goals, and even though they only conceded 34 goals, just slightly over one per game, there were six teams with better defensive records. From this it is not difficult to see that Turkish football is currently notable for its lack of penetration, but emphasis on defence.

Other placings: Goztepe 4th, Altay 5, Birligi 6, PTT 7, Eskisehir 8, Ankarag 9, Demispor 10, Ferikoy 11, Altinordu 12, Vefa 13, Hacettepe 14, 1st Sport 15, Izmirsp 16 and Karsiak 17.

EUROPEAN LEAGUE TABLES

AUSTRIA

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Rapid	26	20	1	5	72	29	41
Wacker Innsbruck	26	18	5	3	58	24	41
Austria Wien	26	14	7	5	43	23	35
LASK	26	12	7	7	39	25	31
Wiener Sportklub	26	12	6	8	60	36	30
SW Bregenz	26	12	3	11	26	34	27
Admira-Energie	26	10	6	10	36	25	26
Vienna	26	11	4	11	42	49	26
GAK	26	8	7	11	27	44	23
Austria Klagenfurt	26	8	6	12	21	33	22
Sturm Graz	26	7	4	15	32	47	18
Wacker Wien	26	7	4	15	28	50	18
Wr. Neustadt	26	6	3	17	21	44	15
Kapfenberg	26	2	7	17	17	59	11

EAST GERMANY

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Karlmarzstadt	26	14	9	3	39	23	37
Lokomotive Leipzig	26	14	2	10	39	32	30
Motor Zwickau	26	9	9	8	41	26	27
Dynamo Dresden	26	11	5	10	35	31	27
Zeiss Jena	26	11	5	10	31	29	27
Union Berlin	26	9	9	8	33	35	27
Lokomotive Stendal	26	11	5	10	39	44	27
Vorwaerts	26	10	6	10	43	34	26
Wismut Aue	26	11	4	11	45	43	26
Hansa Rostock	26	9	8	9	27	27	26
Chemie Halle	26	11	4	11	38	41	26
Chemie Leipzig	26	9	7	10	35	38	25
Dynamo Berlin	26	6	9	11	28	40	21
Wismut Gera	26	4	4	18	27	57	12

RUSSIA

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Dynamo Moscow	11	6	5	0	18	4	17
Dynamo Kiev	11	6	4	1	14	5	16
Dynamo Tbilissi	12	5	6	1	14	9	16
Dynamo Minsk	11	5	4	2	14	8	14
Schachtjor	12	4	6	2	14	14	14
Rostov	12	5	3	4	13	15	13
Torpedo Moscow	11	5	2	4	12	8	12
Meftjanik	11	4	4	3	15	11	12
Krilja	11	2	7	2	7	4	11
Sarja	10	3	5	2	7	6	11
Spartak Moscow	11	3	4	4	9	11	10
Torpedo Kut.	12	2	6	4	8	12	10
Arara	10	2	5	3	5	6	9
Pachtachor	12	2	5	5	10	15	9
Zenit	11	4	1	6	7	16	9
Lokomotive	10	2	4	4	6	9	8
ZSKA	11	3	2	6	9	12	8
Kairat	12	1	5	6	7	14	7
Tschernom	11	0	6	5	6	16	6

YUGOSLAVIA

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Sarajevo	29	17	6	6	46	27	40
Partizan	29	14	10	5	51	26	38
Dynamo	29	14	10	5	41	21	38
Vojvodina	29	12	9	8	37	34	33
Red Star	29	12	8	9	53	45	32
Hajduk Split	29	12	7	10	43	27	31
Zelesnicar	29	14	3	12	42	41	31
Vardar	29	13	5	11	40	40	31
Radnicki	29	13	3	13	31	34	29
Velez	29	8	10	11	30	38	26
Rijeka	29	8	9	12	35	39	25
Zagreb	29	9	7	13	32	47	25
Sutjevska	29	8	6	15	30	56	22
Beograd	29	7	7	15	32	36	21
Laibach	29	8	5	16	32	47	21
Celik	29	7	7	15	18	35	21

SWEDEN

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
AIK	9	7	1	1	19	6	15
Malmo FF	10	7	1	2	18	8	15
Djurgarden	9	4	4	1	13	9	12
Helsingborg	10	5	1	4	16	12	11
Orobro	10	5	1	4	13	11	11
Gais	10	4	2	4	14	11	10
Norrkoping	9	4	1	4	6	7	9
Elfsborg	10	3	2	5	20	23	8
Orgryte	9	3	2	4	14	19	8
Goteborg	9	2	3	4	17	19	7
Hammarby	10	2	1	7	9	19	5
Holmsund	9	1	1	7	8	23	3

DENMARK

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Frem. Kop.	10	5	4	1	23	14	14
AB Kopenhagen	11	6	2	3	18	12	14
Hvidovre	10	3	7	0	18	6	13
Aalborg	10	4	4	2	16	11	12
Horsens	10	4	4	2	17	20	12
Esbjerg	10	5	1	4	13	14	11
KB Kopenhagen	10	4	2	4	17	13	10
Aarhus GF	11	5	0	6	21	24	10
Veile	10	4	1	5	18	19	9
Koge	10	2	3	5	14	18	7
Odense	10	1	3	6	9	25	5
B. 1903	10	2	1	7	12	20	5

SWITZERLAND

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Basle	26	16	8	2	61	20	40
Zurich	26	18	3	5	70	31	39
Lugano	26	17	5	4	51	29	39
Grasshopper	26	14	4	8	60	31	32
Servette	26	10	6	10	49	35	26
Sion	26	10	6	10	48	38	26
Young Boys	26	10	6	10	44	48	26
Grenchen	26	10	4	12	43	49	24
Young Fellows	26	9	6	11	33	44	24
Lausanne	26	9	3	14	46	44	21
Biel	26	8	5	13	25	42	21
Chaux-de-Fonds	26	8	4	14	34	48	20
Winterthur	26	8	4	14	33	54	20
Moutier	26	2	2	22	16	100	6

ERIC BATTY interviews Dr. GEZA KALOCSAI

SOCCER IS NOW MORE INTELLIGENT

ONE of the assistants working under Gustav Szebes, Dr. Kalocsai had an intimate understanding of the great Hungarian team of 1950-56 and since then has coached Partizan (Yugoslavia), Standard (Belgium), and Gornik (Poland) to their national championships.

In the second half of the 1960's football is more intelligent than ever before. Ball skill is still vital, and without speed and stamina even the most skilful teams will fail, but the quality which marks the really top grade teams today is intelligence.

To open the tightly packed defences which now dominate the game it is essential to have intelligent, quick moving, quick thinking strikers all running without the ball. Supporting players in midfield must be constantly aware of their colleagues' movements and immediately a space has been created ahead of them they must race forward to receive a pass. Above all, everything that is done must be done quickly.

In the game of the thirties and forties a long accurate pass could open the toughest defences and high crosses from the wings also brought many goals but today defences are capable of clearing high centres almost effortlessly while the introduction of the *libero* reduces the long passing game to kick and hope.

In modern football we must give another dimension to the game by adapting what we in Hungary call the double-pass. Spotting an open space ahead of him a player pushes the ball to the feet of a colleague and races into space for the return — the double pass — which invariably used to work. Today, because of tight, disciplined marking, the double pass is largely ineffective though it can still come off if it is sufficiently disguised and preceded by a feint to move in another direction.

Generally however, defenders are not interested in the ball today. They are now drilled to mark men and ignore the ball. A tight marking back will not even look at the ball as it travels away from his man. The back has eyes only for his opponent and in this way the defender is still tight marking his opponent when he receives the ball in what used to be an open space.

Extending this type of pass, we must now think in terms not of a one-two (a double pass) but a one-two-three. Take any three attacking players A, B and C without reference to numbers or positions. In the old game A passed the ball to B and ran to receive a return pass while C just stood and watched. A is challenged (and will be followed) while B is now tight marked and will also be followed. Somehow C must be brought into the game and preferably he should be a midfield player for coming from midfield he is less likely to be marked tight.

In the modern principle we now find a typical move: A gives to B and runs to make space while C moves forward into space to receive the return pass. Alternatively A has the ball, B moves to make space and C again moves forward to receive a pass.

Now think in terms of positions and numbers and these basic moves outlined above can be used as the framework for coaching every player with attacking duties. In the first instance we can take a left-winger (11) and inside-left (10) and left-half (6). 11 starts with the ball, passing inside to 10 and after passing 11 immediately runs inside looking for a double-pass while 6 moves up to the left-wing position to receive the pass from 10.

Possession

In the second example we can take the inside-forward trio 8, 9 and 10. With 8 in possession of the ball, 9 runs out to the right "looking" for a pass while his opponent will surely follow. As the defender moves away after 9, 10 suddenly sprints forward to receive the ball from 8.

Nowadays a good attack must know very many of these basic moves which I have called combinations. If a team has only one combination it is better than nothing but it will soon be spotted by an intelligent adversary and once "seen" the moves will begin to fail.

Intelligent players, well drilled in many combinations will have their opponents running around in circles not knowing what is going to happen next, and because the attacking team knows the combinations they can be developed quickly.

It should be emphasised that these combinations are not and should never be an automatic and invariable rule. The combinations are nothing more than cement linking the players together just as cement joins bricks together to make a wall. At any time the players are free to express their individual ability and improvise around the basic theme.

Although a good attack must know very many of these combinations it is not easy to coach. Interesting it is but never easy, and even with intelligent players it requires months and months of hard work.

The aim of modern coaching must be to make the players look and think. To look and not only "see" but understand what they see, and to decide first which combination will best suit the particular circumstances, and then when the situation demands break off the combination to improvise.

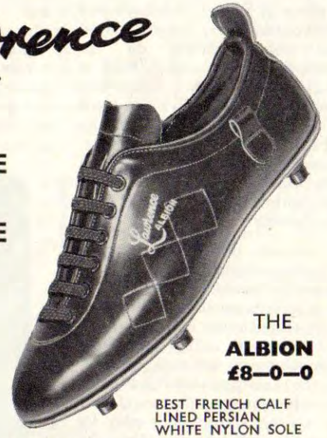
In coaching these basic combinations I always begin without opposition, allowing the players to become accustomed to the various moves before introducing the enemy. Later when the players are fully conversant with the possibilities in a given situation the enemy is set free to foil them if he can and the exercise will then prove to be of value to attacker and defender alike.

I have found, too, that basketball can be of great value in football training, for to the players basketball is not training but enjoyable. After a period of serious training, a short game of basketball relaxes the tension and is excellent practice for making the players "look" and play without the ball.

Again I frequently make use of small sided games and full scale twenty minute matches. While many coaches simply stand and watch practice games, I use my whistle often, stopping the game to explain what I didn't like.

What I want to see from my players in match play and practice games is all bound up in the basic combinations we spend hours working at.

Lawrence



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INTERNATIONAL POST-MORTEM

Each month on these pages we go back over the major internationals played since the last issue. The particular games featured are indicated at the head of the article for quick reference.

by GORDON JEFFERY

Crowd noise was "on"

THE MONTH'S GAMES

May	24:	England 2 Spain 0	Wembley
,,	24:	Denmark 0 Hungary 2	Copenhagen (EFC)
,,	24:	Switzerland 7 Rumania 1	Zurich (EFC)
,,	27:	Austria 0 England 1	Vienna
,,	28:	Australia 0 Scotland 1	Sydney
,,	28:	U.S.S.R. 2 Mexico 0	Leningrad
,,	31:	Spain 2 Turkey 0	Bilbao (EFC)
,,	31:	Australia 1 Scotland 2	Adelaide
June	1:	Sweden 1 Portugal 1	(Stockholm) (EFC)
,,	1:	Finland 0 Norway 2	Helsinki (Scan.C.)
,,	3:	France 2 U.S.S.R. 4	Paris
,,	4:	Denmark 1 East Germany 1	Copenhagen (EFC)
,,	4:	Australia 0 Scotland 2	Sydney
,,	8:	Norway 1 Portugal 2	Oslo (EFC)
,,	11:	U.S.S.R. 4 Austria 3	Moscow (EFC)
,,	11:	Sweden 0 Bulgaria 2	Stockholm (EFC)

AN interesting selection of results in a period dominated by the European Football Championship — now, after the hesitant start of the first competition for the European Nations Cup, recognised as an international tournament second in importance only to the World Cup itself. With the exception of Scotland's three matches against Australia in the main state capitals of Sydney, Adelaide and Melbourne, every match played had some bearing on the European Championship. Both of England's opponents, Spain and Austria, were soon to be engaged in a competitive match in the EFC for example. Since the first-named are in Group One, the England-Spain match is an appropriate starting-point for this month's commentary.

I thought this a good match—it had atmosphere with almost a capacity Wembley 100,000 crowd who were eager to give the home side enthusiastic encouragement but who were quick to applaud Spanish moves and without, what is the annoying habit of some crowds, assuming that good play by visitors meant poor play by their "own" players. For the moment, and there seems no reason why this should not continue, the normal Wembley crowd are united behind Alf Ramsey's England club side and we have less carping at individual players because they happen to be wearing the shirt that some of the crowd would prefer to be on the back of one of their local heroes. I stressed the *normal* crowd, incidentally, because there was a marked difference between the enthusiasm of the crowd at the Scotland and the Spain matches at Wembley. The former was much less vocally behind England and the reason was not solely because the "visitors" were more vociferous. The Scots naturally claim their full quota of tickets for distribution over the border and they must also get hold of a considerable number of the tickets that stay south of the border — quite legitimately of course. If a Scot is the hard-working secretary of a junior club in, say, the Birmingham FA area, then he is as entitled to his chance of a ticket from the FA's allocation as anyone else. It is, of course, this distribution via the FA affiliated clubs and counties that changes the character of the crowd at the England-Scotland bi-annual match at Wembley. The crowd at the Spain game, apart from the near-London monopoly because it was an evening match, was nearer, I suspect, to those who were at the World Cup Final. They were prepared to greet again the World Champions.

This was interesting to watch however apart from the atmosphere. Spain, for all their pre-match "conning" about dislike of method play and so on, adopted a safety-first policy from the kick-off and England's two goals were a long time in coming. When they did, it was quite an unusual experience for the Spanish goalkeeper, Iribar, to have to collect the ball from the back of his net. In Spain's three previous matches since the World Cup, the Republic of Ireland twice and Turkey once had failed to score. And in the return EFC match against Turkey played in Bilbao a week after the Wembley match, the Spanish defence again successfully withstood all attacks. Even in the World Cup, although beaten twice in three matches, Spain never conceded more than two goals in a match and you have to go back to June 1963 to find a match when they did—on that occasion Scotland went mad in Madrid and hammered in six goals! Over the same four year period however it needs to be noted that only twice (and on each occasion when at home to the Republic of Ireland) have Spain themselves scored more than twice in a match. Curious statistics from a country purporting to want to encourage individual attacking play!

To be fair, of course, the present Spanish team manager, Domingo Balmanya, the man who "denounced Soccer's war of numbers", did not take over control of the national side until after the World Cup of last year. But to be truthful, things have not changed much! The Spanish defence against England was a very good one. Iribar is a confident and reliable keeper, Sanchis (probably the most conspicuous Spanish player during the World Cup) and Reija good backs, whilst Gallego staked a claim at Wembley, I thought, to be considered amongst the best of the centre backs in Europe today. No wonder that there is a settled look to those primarily responsible for keeping out Spain's opponents. The trouble is

England inside-forward Roger Hunt heads down and into the net to score against Spain at Wembley. (A.)

—well, I was going to write "up front", but I doubt if that is the real problem. Given their chances, Grosso, Amancio and the recalled Gento, are fully capable of taking a fair proportion of them — witness the correctly but unluckily disallowed goal. But Spain's approach work is so dilatory that the chances, against any experienced and capable opponents, are few and far between, and although Pirri, in particular, has a strong, long-range shot, this cannot be *expected* to beat many national keepers.

Pirri, in fact, was missing from the line-up against Turkey in Bilbao, as too was the still-injured Amancio. Paquito and Ufarte came in, some forty thousand spectators turned up and had to wait until halfway through the second-half for the goals—the first scored by Grosso and the second, ten minutes from time, by Gento. This victory puts the Group One position:

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
Spain	4	2	2	0	4	0	6
Turkey	4	1	1	2	3	5	3
Rep. Ireland	5	1	1	3	3	7	3
Czechoslovakia	1	1	0	0	2	0	2

Sweden, after their winter lay-off from football, warmed up for their Group Two home match against Portugal with a friendly against East Germany in mid-May. They were beaten one-nil but could still feel quietly confident of their chances against Portugal after their own splendid win in Lisbon last November. The Swedish hero on that occasion was the then Second Division player, Inge Danielsson, scorer of both Sweden's goals. Danielsson was transferred in the Swedish close-season to Halsingborg but found himself missing from the line-up for the home return match against Portugal—partly this was because, with the West German and Scottish League seasons completed, Sweden welcomed back on their wings, Roger Magnusson (FC Cologne) and Orjan Persson (Dundee). Between those two, in a 4-2-4 formation, were Tom Turesson and Agne Simonsson; Jim Nilden and Ingvar Svensson were the linkmen; Hans Selander, Kurt Alexsson, Bjorn Nordqvist and Rolf Bjorklund the rear four and Ronney Petersson in goal. All except Magnusson and Persson had played in the Lisbon match.

Portugal showed more changes —understandably. Americo in goal, Raul and Jose Carlos as the twin centre-backs, Pinto (in the difficult role of wearing the mantle of Coluna), Serafim and Peres (sharing the striking job with Eusebio) were all "in" for the return but had not played in Lisbon. All, except Pinto and Serafim, had played against Italy in Portugal's only match between the two EFC legs against Sweden.

Bransch (white shirt) of East Germany clears from Agne Simonsson of Sweden during an international between the two countries. East Germany won 1-0. (M.I.)

Pinto, who had last played in the national side nearly a year ago in a pre-World Cup match against Rumania, earned his place with a goal in the 19th minute — a goal that always seemed likely, and finally *certain*, to have effectively cancelled out the defeat in Lisbon. Then, in the last seconds of the match, Ingvar Svensson equalised for the home side—to the obvious delight of the very good crowd, for Stockholm, of almost fifty thousand. Sweden had thus gained three out of the possible four points from their two competitive matches against Portugal and could feel themselves in a good position—but they had still to play Bulgaria.

Determination

Bulgaria at times flatter to deceive but there is a grittiness, a determination about both their play and their preparations, that does get results. They have, for example, qualified for the past two World Cup final stage tournaments. They have not done much in the final stages but they have got there whilst many a country with more pretension to football eminence have failed. Three days before Bulgaria took the field against Sweden in Stockholm, the Portuguese brought themselves a little more into the picture again by beating Norway in Oslo by the odd goal in three — an expected win for the country who had, after all, finished third in the World championship but both Sweden and Bulgaria would have preferred Portugal to have dropped a point.

Sweden made one change from the team that grabbed the late point against Portugal for the match against the Bulgars—Inge Danielsson back in place of Roger Magnusson. Bulgaria persevered with Bonev, the mid-field player who had made his first appearance against West Germany in a friendly in March, and brought in Popov who was amongst Bulgaria's World Cup "forty" and who has been hovering for some time on the brink of selection for the national side in a full international. For the rest it was a familiar looking side with Simeonov in goal and formidable defenders like Chalamanov, Gaganelov, Dimitrov and Jetchev, midfield players like Yakimov and Penev, and Dermendiev and Jekov in the front row. It was the latter pair who scored the two goals of the match—Jekov in the first half and Dermendiev seven minutes from time.

Bulgaria, after playing only two matches, moved to the top of Group Two and their chances of reaching the quarter-final are very good indeed — when one recalls that they have not been beaten in Bulgaria since 1957 (when Hungary won 2-1 in a World Cup qualifying match!) Table:

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
Bulgaria	2	2	0	0	6	2	4
Portugal	3	1	1	1	4	4	3
Sweden	3	1	1	1	3	4	3
Norway	2	0	0	2	3	6	0

In the other Groups, Hungary advanced in Group Five with an away victory in Copenhagen against the Danes who later in the period gained their first point in four matches by drawing at home against the East Germans. Hungary had dropped a point against the Dutch in their opening match in the EFC and it had seemed possible that they would have to recover that *directly* from their matches against the East Germans. Now, however, an equalising penalty by the Danish player Bjerre in the 63rd minute has lost the East Germans their first point and improved the Hungarians chances. East Germany for the warm-up match against Sweden, and against Denmark, bought in three newcomers, Jurgen Croy in goal, Bernd Bransch in the defence and Wolfram Löwe on the left wing—it was the latter who scored against Denmark in the fourth minute.

Much the biggest surprise—in the magnitude of the score if not in the victory itself—was Switzerland's seven-one trouncing of Rumania. Since Italy beat them 3-1 in Naples last November, the Rumanians had won away

● *Continued on page 15*

Trouble brewing?

by KEIR RADNEDGE

REAL MADRID have just completed another successful season. By most standards, but not their own. That elimination from the Champions' Cup by Inter was most unwelcome. It might have been bearable if Real had not actually been defeated in Chamartin. But then, defeat in Chamartin has always been something of a soul-destroyer.

Will Real ever achieve anything comparable to their previous European domination, and with such wonderful football, ever again? In their own national league, yes. But in International competition? *A propos* of this it's hoped to re-open the doors to a limited number of foreign players in Spain next season. If Real are lucky they might pick up just the right player. But there's might and Might.

Many commentators made fools of themselves in predicting a great future for the new Real after the 1966 Champions' Cup success *(I write, blushing somewhat).* But it was interesting that in the *France Football* nominations for the Footballer of the Year 1966, for the first time ever I think, no Real player received even a single nomination.

Not that that is important in itself. In 1964 Amancio achieved third place largely on the strength of a hat-trick, just before the poll, against Dukla Prague. But such polls do show the general direction in which the wind is blowing.

Real have several problems concerning their playing staff, now. It was very nice at the end of last season when Araquistain came in so competently after Betancort was injured. Yet this season, brought back specially for the second leg against Inter, poor Araquistain boobed at a crucial moment, and Cappellini whipped the ball into the net.

Espanol Barcelona, at present well-served by the veteran ex-Bilbao stalwart Carmelo Sedrun, are reported to be interested in Araquistain should Real show any signs of parting with him. But to date there has been no reaction on Madrid's part. Araquistain would probably like the chance to move. At 29 he is getting no younger, but going on past "form" his chances of leaving probably depend on Real buying another big "name."

Always there have been two class 'keepers. First Alonso and Dominguez, then Dominguez and Vicente, then Vicente and Araquistain, now Araquistain and Betancort. It seems a safe bet (if any bet is safe) that Real would not be prepared to upgrade the big boy, Junquera, to first reserve (although he did play in the recent friendly against Celtic in Madrid). Despite several reports to the contrary his League experience at the moment is absolutely nil.

Two other players who must be pondering on their present positions at Real are Veloso and Goywaerts. Veloso (Jose Luis Fidalgo) came to Real two years ago from Amancio's old club RCD Coruna, along with Jaime Blanco. It seemed the original intention was to use him in Puskas' place. But with the fine form last season of Serena, and this season of Felix Ruiz, he has yet to be allowed a real chance to occupy that "spare" position —given that Amancio, with Grosso, Gento, Velazquez, and Martinez (Pirri) are considered irreplaceable.

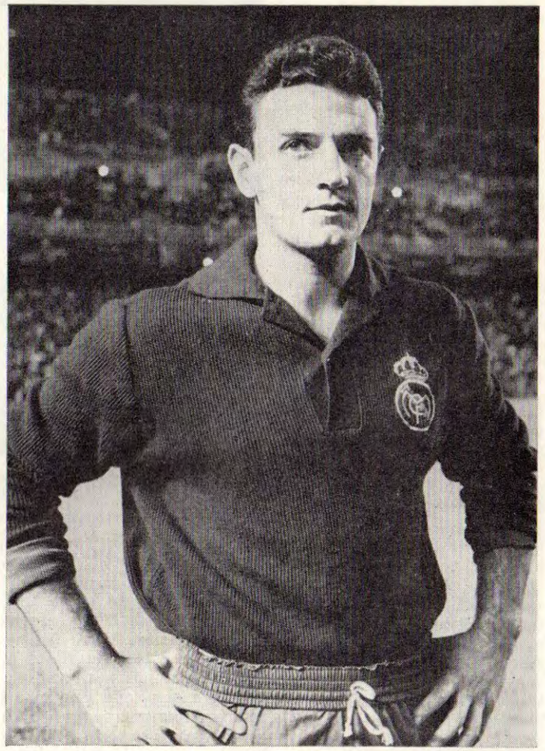
So Veloso—who as deputy for Grosso, or Amancio, or Gento, hit nine goals in sixteen League outings this season—still waits. And so does Ferdinand "Fernando" Goywaerts.

One feels sorry for the Belgian. After a twelve-month fight with the Belgian FA and his club FC Bruges, he signed for CF Barcelona in 1962. Then he had to spend nine months on the side-lines before the Spanish FA would accept his registration (much the same situation as that of Silva and CFB, at the moment). Eventually poor Goywaerts found he had to struggle for a first-team place with Fuste, Verges, Pereda, and Silveira.

In the summer of 1965 CFB swopped him for Lucien Muller. Muller has shone brightly at CFB, but Real must soon have suspected the Catalans had pulled a fast one, and passed them off with a dud.

Nagged by a mysterious leg injury, it wasn't until March 1966 that Goywaerts was eventually able to take a full part in training and play in the reserve team's heavy programme of friendly matches. Eight more months then passed before his belated Real League debut in October and November.

He played in just three successive matches—away to Las Palmas, home to Hercules, and away to Bilbao. He scored the one Real goal in the draw at Las Palmos (4th minute), and opened the scoring (39th minute) against Hercules. The Bilbao game was goal-less.



Fed up with being Real's number two, Araquistain, is rumoured to be seeking a move. (O.)

But apart from injury, Real couldn't drop Grosso—or Velazquez, or Martinez, or the in-form Felix Ruiz. So Goywaerts, a midfield "spearhead" with the technique to attack but not quite the confident strength to apply himself to defence, had to once more take up his well-worn place in the stand.

There's one more player in trouble. You may not know of him. His name is Manolin Bueno, and *he has been Gento's deputy since 1959!*

He's an international, nevertheless, and still young and fast, with a good shot. But so limited in competitive experience! Often devastating on his rare appearances, he was never at home when included on the *right-wing.* So he has had to content himself by just replacing Gento as both outside-left *and* captain, whenever the veteran Real skipper has been injured, or playing for Spain.

Some people feel a greater effort should have been made before now to give Bueno a regular run. Obviously the player has just come around to this point of view, for he is quoted as having recently said: "If I'm not going to be allowed to play here, then I want a transfer."

But then, that may well have been just a reaction of "sour grapes," for it came at a time when Veloso was picked to fill the vacant place left by Gento and Pachin made captain, in the derby against Atletico Madrid. Coming as it did, just a few weeks before the season's end, maybe Bueno was a little concerned about the terms of his contract for next season. But it says a lot for one club that a player is prepared to stay so long for so little—in the footballing sense, of course.

WHITHER WINGERS?

poses **TOM JAGGER**

IN many corners of Britain, and in many other parts of the world, too, they are saying today that wingers are not needed any more.

Masters of new-style tactics which call for fluidity in attack believe that a winger is an unnecessary luxury they can well do without.

Quite a few club managers, particularly in England and Scotland, are lining up with that new trend of thought, and merely tossing someone the No. 7 and No. 11 shirts in order to conform with match programmes and regulations.

Yet although the idea is gradually spreading right throughout the game it is not yet fully acknowledged by some of those wielding a big influence.

Very definitely, there are two distinct schools of thought on this point, and it might be interesting to note that no less a person than William Shankly still pays homage to the winger.

The canny Scot who has built Liverpool into the great team it is today, admitted that by signing a top-class winger even though he was already well off in that respect.

He moved in smartly when the English League trimmed Preston's transfer fee demand down from £50,000 to £20,000, and was very happy to give a dressing-room peg at Anfield to Dave Wilson.

When someone raised an eyebrow and expressed some slight astonishment in view of the fact that Peter Thompson and Ian Callaghan were already well-established on Liverpool's wings, Shankly revealed his faith in wingers by saying he looked upon Wilson as primarily "cover" for his first team squad.

And this manager whose teams have won the championship and the cup, added: "It is another investment, and means we now have three top-class wingers who are only 24."

If you watch this Liverpool team carefully you will see that many of the goals come in the good old-fashioned way — shot or headed from corners or centres from the line. Scoring openings created largely by wingers.

Liverpool and England outside-left Peter Thompson, one of the country's top wingers, who will be a key man in Liverpool's plans to win major honours again next season. (MacLennan 1.)

It is still that way with a good many teams, even among those in the top crust, and I simply cannot see the day finally dawning when there is not a winger in sight.

At one time, of course, wingers were just as dangerous nearing the target area as the hot-shot inside men are nowadays.

Of course, they were accomplished wingers. Wingers like Albert Geldard, Jackie Coulter, and Jackie Connor, all internationals. They used the touch-lines, and they knew what to do with the ball, so defences were constantly being ripped wide open.

That was in the days of the W formation before systems like 4-3-3 killed off the need for wing-men. And yet at that same time there were masters in all the other positions.

I remember that although the wingers did such a great job that thrill-packed afternoon at Goodison, the two teams also had such stars as these also operating in their ranks—Dixie Dean, Warney Cresswell, Ted Sagar, Cliff Britton, Raich Carter, Patsy Gallacher.

Just imagine how any manager would feel now if he had efficient men at inside-forward allied to efficiency on the wing. Perhaps it is because of a lack of efficiency on the line that so many soccer bosses are trying to do without the extreme forwards.

Think back to some of the greats, and you will automatically realise how the game can never really do without them.

I was brought up in the heyday of such as Joe Hulme, Sammy Crooks, Frank Roberts, Albert Geldard, and Stan Matthews.

They were great, yet the older ones used to talk in admiring tones, even then, of the days of Fanny Walden, Dickie Bond, and Bobby Turnbull.

All were internationals of pre-war years, all outside-rights. They had the necessary speed, ball control, *and* could throw centres across which would drop in front of goal and not into the crowd behind the goal netting, as they often do nowadays.

It is the same on the other wing. There have been masters of the craft in that role in the years gone by. Their names come tumbling down the years, each bringing with it splendid memories.

We had Bobby Langton, Tom Finney, Johnny Hancocks, Jackie Froggatt, Les Medley, Billy Elliott, Frank Blunstone, Jimmy Mullen, and Brian Pilkington just after the war.

Of course, there were many, many others but they were the ones who "took the eye" of the English selectors as the game settled down again after that spot of trouble with Hitler.

There is no need for depression. There are still many up-and-coming wingers around. Many can be seen in top soccer today.

I hope we never see the day when fanatics completely rule them out.

International Post-Mortem

● *Continued from page 13*

matches against Cyprus, Israel, Greece and France and drawn against Uruguay in Montevideo, before playing at home last April and trouncing Cyprus by seven goals to nil. I don't think one can read into the Zurich result any dramatic improvement in recent Swiss play and the effective "gainer" is probably Italy who might otherwise have been closely challenged for the leadership by Rumania.

Finally, the Soviet Union have kicked-off in their programme of Group Three matches — and, disappointingly after their wins over Mexico in Leningrad and France in Paris, nearly made a hash of it. At the interval the Soviet were cruising along nicely with a three-one lead — and helped by what is usually regarded as a double-value goal for the home side, one by Chislenko (helped on its way by the Austrian defender, Wartusch) a couple of minutes from the pause. Then two goals, from Wolny and Sieber, in the space of three minutes before a quarter of an hour had passed in the second-half, completely changed the picture. It was left to Streltzov to regain the lead for the Soviet Union nine minutes from time. At the moment the Soviet are scoring goals — but they are also conceding more than is healthy.

SEARCHING THE SOCCER SCENE

★ ★

INTER IN AN "OFF" SEASON

WHILE the soccer world hailed Celtic's European Cup win, most Continental observers have been highly amused by the antics of the English press proclaiming this as a triumph for *British* football.

When England won the World Cup last year no one south of the border acclaimed this as a success for British football. Then it was only England and English soccer which was best. Now, that English clubs failed miserably in this season's two premier European tournaments, the English soccer writers are bending over backwards to present Celtic's achievement as a British show. But what exactly is British soccer? Surely they don't mean the Irish or the Welsh? In which case that leaves only the Scots and the English. Remember, when Scotland failed to reach the World Cup finals the English scribes laughed them off as antiquated, unimaginative and totally lacking in method. Why, only six weeks before Celtic's Lisbon triumph, as Scotland prepared to tackle England at Wembley, the English pressmen called it an impertinence to challenge the "World Masters" on their own ground and most of them agreed that "Scotland had no chance." Now that Celtic succeeded where all English champions had failed, in eleven years of this competition, suddenly this is hailed as a British victory! To those who gloat over the fact that Latin domination of these tournaments was at last broken one could point out that Celtic fly the Irish Republican flag over their ground and profess allegiance to the Roman Catholic Church. So, perhaps there is still some connection with the Latin world?

To me, Celtic's win was less of a surprise —having watched a desperately tired Inter team in their two previous league matches— than the fact that it took so long for a British side to succeed. Each season three British clubs participate in the European Champions' Cup and only Chelsea were absent from the first competition. By sheer weight of numbers, aided by the luck of the draw they should have done better a long time ago. Just reflect on this thought for a moment: It required the efforts of 35 British teams to produce one finalist. Do not forget that it was Inter who knocked out at least three co-favourites in Torpedo, Vasas and Real Madrid, plus CSKA Sofia, while the Scots enjoyed a considerably easier passage against Zürich, Nantes, Vojvodina and Dukla.

Of course, nothing should detract from their fine display and eventual victory in the final, but putting it in the right perspective it simply amounts to this: manager Jock Stein has assembled a first class side which enjoyed a splendid season and rode high on the crest of a wave. But winning the Scottish championship, or league cup or national cup still cannot compare with the gruelling experience of an Italian League series. I also fear that those who sung a Requiem Mass at Inter's funeral in Lisbon, have buried the corpse prematurely. Their downfall does not, as yet, mean the death-knell for defensive football. A team may have died but not the system and to talk of a new era of attacking methods is in my view misleading, exaggerated and irresponsible. Inter collapsed from sheer exhaustion having been under constant pressure for the last four years but no one can take away their achievements during that period. Twice European and twice World champions, once European finalists and once semi-finalists, plus three times champions of Italy!

In conclusion, I would say that before playing in the final, Celtic hit form at the right time and in such mood they stand out head and shoulders above the rest in this country. But to portray them as a typical product of British football is just as ludicrous as to pretend that Inter were anywhere near their best when given that Lisbon beating.

Spaniards—So Blasé

WHEN it comes to the European Cup then the Spanish fans can afford to look on benevolently at the hysterical joy of the Scots.

Nine times out of twelve (!), Spanish sides stood in a European Champions' final and six times Real Madrid alone, left the pitch in triumph to parade the coveted "Copa Europa" before their exultant "*aficionados*". In recognition of their achievements the European Football Union have presented Real with the original trophy for keeps. The silver cup which Celtic collected is new and was made by Hans Stadelmann, a Swiss goldsmith from Berne on orders of EUFA. The cup, which stands 2 ft. 6 in. and weighs 16 lb. has a gold-plated interior and is highly polished outside.

Europe's most important team-prize, now Real Madrid's permanent possession, rests in a new trophy room some 25 yards long and six yards wide. Cup upon cup is piled up there, big and small ones, famous and less so, typical sports trophies most of them in rows, behind giant three-storey display windows, like prizes at a fairground; numbered, labelled and altogether 1,500 of them! The oldest dates back to 1902; the most valuable, in pure gold, is worth about £2,000. The nearest and most central in view is the World Cup, then, like brothers, the six European Cups, plus two European basketball cups, not forgetting the hundreds of pennants one more colourful than the other. And who has the pleasure of cleaning all these? Well, Real have a contract with a special institute who are carrying out this service with efficiency and pride.

IN one of the most dramatic championship epilogues, "La vecchia Signora" (the Old Lady), as the Italians call Juventus of Turin, snatched the league title from Inter-Milan who led from the start, last September, until the final day.

Picture the scene on Thursday, June 1, at 6 p.m., when Inter, a point ahead, took the field at Mantova while Juventus kicked-off at home against Lazio. In both matches the half-time score was 0-0, then "La Juve" scored twice and a last-minute penalty made no difference as they won 2-1. Inter attacked with venom but were out of luck

Hungary's first goal against Bulgaria in the World Cup finals is an own goal netted by No. 20, Davidov. (A.)

Giuliano Sarti, who played so well for Inter-Milan against Celtic in the 1967 European Cup Final. (M.I.)

and in the end, two men who contributed most to their successes this season were held responsible for their ultimate downfall. Sandro Mazzola who in a previous game against Napoli (1-1) had the winning goal at his feet, when someone in the crowd blew a whistle and Sandro, five yards out with only the keeper to beat, stopped and then shot tamely against the post! Next Giuliano Sarti, the "hero of Lisbon", whose sensational saves so nearly thwarted Celtic's efforts, committed the gravest blunder of his career when letting a shot from Mantova's Di Giacomo clean through his arms, then banged his head several times against the post in utter despair. For this goal defeated Inter (0-1) and cost them the championship. Twice Inter should have had a penalty. In the last minute I watched Mazzola brought down by **three** defenders but referee Francescon waved their furious protests aside and even sent the temperamental Corso off the field, for arguing.

There have been some ugly rumours going around that Inter had been favoured by most referees throughout the league campaign and many experts were agreed that in the circumstances Signor Francescon would not award a penalty, even if the entire Inter team were to be mowed down in the area!

And so Juventus triumphed—it is their 13th title, or "*scudetto*" as they call it here—after 34 matches in which they scored only 44 goals but collected 49 points! In fact, this was the lowest scoring series of all time with only 613 goals, an average of 2.00001 per match. Previous negative "record" occurred in 1964/65 when the total was 640, average 2.09. No wonder old-timers here, sigh nostalgically looking back to 1929/30 when the series (with 18 teams) produced 969 goals. Naturally, the scarcity of goals resulted in a spate of draws, namely 117 out of 306 matches. This means that more than a third of the games ended all square, another "record", the previous worst being 103 draws in 1963/64 also in an 18-team championship. Mantova now claim the individual "record" having drawn 22 out of their 34 matches! Altogether 60 games ended in goalless draws this season beating the previous figure which stood at 53. Leading goalscorers: Riva (Cagliari) 18; Mazola (Inter) 17; Hamrin (Fiorentina) and Altafini (Napoli) 16; Brugnera (Fiorentina) 13; Rivera (AC Milan) 12.

Despite missing the last nine games—following injury in the international versus Portugal on Easter Monday—Cagliari's outside-left, Luigi Riva, became the new "Capo-cannoniere". Born at Leggiuno in the province of Varese on November 7, 1944, he began his playing career with Legnano, then joined Cagliari in 1963.

Soccer—"As She is Played"

I AM receiving news from America with a mixture of concern, apprehension and amusement. Concern, because latest developments indicate that the game is in danger of being brought into disrepute, thanks to overriding commercial interests which may well submerge the whole concept of soccer as we know it, or at least relegate it to the level of a circus show.

Consider, for example, the disclosures of Yorkshire-born referee Peter Rhodes that 11 out of 21 fouls he awarded in a televised match in mid-May where phonies to allow the Columbia Broadcasting System (CBS) to fit in their commercials. The game was between Toronto Falcons and the Pittsburgh Phantoms, won by the latter, 2-1. Rhodes said, that before a televised match he visits the dressing rooms to tell the players deliberately to lie down or feign a protest when he blows his whistle. He said that strapped to his back during a game are an electronic unit and a small receiver. When he hears three "beeps" and the producer's voice saying "commercial coming up", he stops play.

Rhodes revealed that all players co-operate. "It gives them a breather and at the same time it's making money for the league", he added. For that game, he carried a radar unit strapped to his back and a receiving unit just below the back of his neck. The units were under his shirt and not visible to the spectators. Dave Demaine, a forward with the Falcons said that at one point in the game he bumped into a corner flag and "just then the referee ran over and said 'lie down, you must be winded'," Rhodes, a top English soccer referee imported to handle NPSL games, said the maximum number of commercials for each match is ten. "I got all mine in. That's better than that American referee in Los Angeles who only worked in three. I don't think he's around any more. He was being booed by the fans and forgot to listen to his receiver"!

Just imagine an American TV company covering the last World Cup, for instance. In the group matches, Bulgaria's Davidov deliberately puts through his own goal against the Hungarians who hug, kiss and embrace each other for minutes on end—as only they know how—but in the meantime a voluptuous, bikini-clad girl fills the screen, literally, persuading the viewers to take their holidays by the Black Sea, in beautiful Bulgaria! Switzerland score against Spain, but as this is their only goal of the tournament, the entire team does a lap of honour—during which a variety of up-to-date Swiss cuckoo-clocks are seen on television.

On to the quarter-finals, and enter Argentina's captain Rattin who turns out to be an export manager of the largest meat packing company in Buenos Aires. He purposely prolongs his argument with referee Kreitlein, to permit BBC's Fanny Craddock giving a demonstration in the art of preparing roast beef of Old England—using Argentinian meat, of course! In the semi-final, Eusebio places and replaces the ball before taking the penalty against England, whilst the TV millions are instructed on the quality and nutritious value of Portuguese sardines.

And so to the final, with Germany's Weber waiting to equalise fifteen seconds from time to create another welcome break between full and extra time. The latest Volkswagen models parade on the screen together with names of local dealers, of course. Then the final ceremony. The professional voice of the commentator proclaims: "We shall be back with you in just a few moments to introduce our guest star who will present the trophy." Meantime, viewers can watch Bobby Moore and his merry men consuming tons of that well-known breakfast cereal, the one giving head to toe energy, which, as every good Englishman knows, is vastly superior to all the garlic sausages eaten by the foreigners and which can convincingly be depicted as the only logical explanation of the World Cup victory!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

with Arthur Rotmil

ALBERT IN FINE FORM FOR FERENCVAROS

Leslie Vernon on Hungary

PLAYED 15, won 14, drew 1, lost 0, goals for—40, against —9. This is the incredible record of the Hungarian "spring champions," Ferencvaros!

Last year, Vasas were the top dogs, they had actually finished the season as unbeaten champions—an achievement we all thought would be unequalled for many years to come. Now Ferencvaros not only seem likely to emulate their great rivals' recent success, but could collect more points during a League campaign than any other team in the history of Hungarian football. Remember, the number of teams competing in the First Division has been increased by two up to sixteen this year—it will be interesting to see how big a haul the green and whites can amass by the end of November. In the meantime at the half-way stage, 29 out of a possible 30 is not a bad start on the way to a new record!

Magnificent

Ferencvaros played truly magnificent football all through the season, their display against well placed provincial club Szeged in the last match of the "spring half" was typical. After two minutes play Albert picked up the ball in the centre-circle, beat three men in a fantastic orgy of dribbles and feints, finally sending an unstoppable shot past the astonished goalkeeper Toth. In the 9th minute, Varga was brought down near the touch-line, Rakosi pinpointed the free-kick to Albert, who this time scored with a cunning, deceptive flick. The match was as good as over after less than ten minutes, but the champion elects piled on three more goals for good measure (Szoke 2, Varga) to win 5-0.

The most important League match of the season was the local "derby" Ferencvaros v. Vasas played in the Nepstadium on June 17 in front of a disappointingly small 40,000 crowd. (Reason — live TV coverage.)

This was a great match worthy of the occasion, both teams playing, rather surprisingly, in the best sporting spirit. Vasas manager Csordas gambled on an unusual formation—three forwards converging on the opposing defence in the middle, leaving the left flank free for attacking full-back Ihasz. This ploy worked perfectly. In the third minute, the veteran right-back of Ferencvaros, Matrai following Vasas number 11, Vidats, left too much room for Ihasz to bring the ball up undisturbed and centre accurately for Puskas to score!

Vasas were a goal up and playing well, when a rare Ferencvaros attack brought an undeserved equaliser. Mathesz made a complete mess of a simple clearance and Katona scored easily. The second half was a thriller, the match could have gone either way, but the individual brilliance of Florian Albert was once again the deciding factor. "Flori," beating two defenders, took the ball to the by-line, then pulled it back again, sending Meszoly the wrong way, but the unfortunate centre-half could not stop himself falling on the ball and handling it. Accidental or intentional? That was the question. Specially invited Italian referee De Marchi (no relation to Tony!) had no doubts and pointed dramatically to the penalty spot. Szoke completed the formalities, so it was Ferencvaros 2, Vasas 1.

The great improvement of Ferencvaros is mainly due to the fantastic form of Albert. I make no apologies for the fact that this mercurial player seems to dominate this column, because that is exactly what he does in Hungarian football — he dominates it. He has always been a player of tremendous potential, individual technique, but was moody, lacked that little bit extra, which transforms a good player into a great one. This has now changed. Albert has become the complete footballer, the Magyar Di Stefano! He works in mid-field like a trojan, his distribution is perfect, his finishing, deadly. He has developed a telepathic understanding with Varga — their witty, subtle brilliant partnership is the most talked about forward combination on the Continent.

The defence has already improved with the great form shown by new international Szucs, who has modelled his game on Bobby Moore and now he is playing better than the "master."

Yes, Ferencvaros is a very good team right now, it is a great pity that they cannot play in this year's European Cup. This privilege goes to Vasas, winners of the championship which was completed last November! This way it is seldom the team in form who qualifies for the most important European competition. I would suggest to the Hungarian FA that they should either go back to the "autumn–spring" type of League programme or failing to do that nominate the "spring champions" for the same year's "European Cup."

Vasas finished the season with a hard-earned draw at Tatabanya and dropped back into fourth place. Ujpesti Dozsa and Gyor both won their final matches, but they are all outdistanced by Ferencvaros. Dozsa could find ample consolation in the Mitropa Cup, where they are meeting Czech club, Trnava, in the Final. The Hungarians knocked out Vienna, Austria, in the semi-final, winning both legs — 3-0 at home, 2-1 away.

Doing well

The international team is doing very well, they are actually unbeaten since that sunny afternoon in Sunderland, when bogey team U.S.S.R. defeated them in the World Cup quarter-final. At the end of May, the following team travelled to Copenhagen to play Denmark in the European Championship. Tamas; Matrai, Meszoly, Szucs, Ihasz; Nagy, Rakosi, Albert; Molnar, Farkas, Bene. The score —2-0 with goals by Albert (32 mins.), Bene (71 mins.). The same Danish team took a point off East Germany, so Hungary is in a very strong position in Group 5.

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
Hungary	**4**	**3**	**1**	**–**	**12**	**3**	**7**
East Germany	2	1	1	–	5	4	3
Holland	4	1	1	2	8	8	3
Denmark	4	–	1	3	1	11	1

The squad also made a quick trip to Valenciennes, where they played a friendly v. the local French First Division club side strengthened by a couple of guest "stars" Guy and Bonnet. Hungary won 5-0, Bene scoring a hat-trick, but according to team manager Ilovszky goalkeeper Tamas was the best man in the team. I repeat, I underline, I announce with the greatest possible pleasure—the best player in a Hungarian national team was *the goalkeeper*. Beware rest of the world! The autumn programme of the international team has been finalised:

Sept. 6 Vienna, friendly v. Austria.
„ 13 Marseilles, friendly v. Olympic Marseilles.
„ 27 Budapest, E.C. v. East Germany.
Oct. 8 Budapest, friendly, v. Rumania.
„ 29 Leipzig, E.C. v. East Germany.

The Hungarian Cup 1967 competition has been launched and there are hopes that at last the Cup will make a real impact on the public. This year the dates of the various rounds have been fixed by the FA and they insist on strict adherence to them. No more endless postponements and half-strength teams! The Final will be played on November 7 in the Nepstadium.

League top scorer is still Antal Dunai with 18 goals. Last year's "King of Goals," Janos Farkas, has already abdicated—his tally is only six! The scoring rate is remarkably consistent: 120 matches—360 goals—3 goals per match, exactly as it was at the time of our last review after 88 matches.

Top scorers:

Dunai (Ujpest)	18 goals
Albert (Ferencvaros)	12 „
Varsanyi (Gyor)	11 „
Szurgent (Diosgyor)	10 „
Gyorfi (Gyor)	9 „
Stolcz (Gyor)	9 „

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
Ferencvaros	**15**	**14**	**1**	**–**	**40**	**9**	**29**
Ujpesti Dozsa	15	10	2	3	42	14	22
Gyor	15	8	5	2	42	15	21
Vasas	15	9	3	3	25	16	21
Diosgyor	15	6	4	5	23	26	16
Szeged	15	5	6	4	17	26	16
Honved	15	5	4	6	21	24	14
Tatabanya	15	3	7	5	20	22	13
Dunaujvaros	15	4	5	6	16	23	13
Komlo	15	5	3	7	22	35	13
Pecs	15	3	6	6	13	18	12
Salgotarjan	15	5	2	8	21	30	12
MTK	15	2	7	6	17	22	11
Szombathely	15	4	2	9	18	32	10
Csepel	15	2	6	7	11	24	10
Eger	15	1	5	9	12	24	7

Sparta win Czech Title for No. 13

Strunc, pictured in all white, is still one of the most regular goalscorers in Czechoslovakian football. (O.)

A SPLENDID finishing run of six successive victories, including a vital 2-0 success at Dukla, enabled Sparta to edge ahead of Slovan Bratislava, Spartak Trnava and Dukla—who had made most of the running—to win the Czech League title for the 13th time.

Sparta, who last season lost the title on goal-average to Dukla after finishing top in 1965, are now set to re-establish themselves as their country's finest club side, a position they held almost without challenge in the 'twenties and only to a slightly lesser degree in the 'thirties.

Sparta were Czech champions for five consecutive years between 1919 and 1923 but that was before the league, as now constituted, was formed. The first move towards a national league competition came in 1925 when the League of Central Bohemia was founded and Sparta became champions in the first two seasons, 1926 and 1927. The first division of the Czech League was formed in 1930 and Sparta finished top in 1932, 1936, 1938 and 1939. Then came the war and a final flourish of success (1944, 1946 and 1948) before their power began to ebb.

They came back again to take the championship in 1952 and 1954 but they had to wait until 1965 for their next success.

Unlike England, where goals were much rarer last season, Czechoslovakia enjoyed a flourish of scoring, the rate per game rising from 2.35 in 1965-6 to 2.7 this season. A total 491 goals were hit, 327 by home sides and 164 by visitors, in 182 games.

Top scorer was Jozef Adamec (Spartak Trnava), who played in the Czech side which drew 0-0 at Wembley last November, with 21 goals; he was followed by Stanislav Strunc (Dukla) 15 and Vaclav Masek (Sparta) 14.

Thirty-eight of 50 penalties awarded were converted (compared with only 24 from 43 in 1965-6) and the most consistent from the spot was 34-year-old Josef Kadraba (Slavia) who succeeded with seven of his eight spot kicks.

Attendances slumped badly to 1,841,100, a drop of 326,600 on the previous season, to average 10,116 against 11,910 last season. Highest attendance, as it was the previous year, was for the Sparta-Slavia derby: 42,000. An incredibly poor crowd of 300 watched relegation-doomed Spartak Brno play Lokomotiva Kosice on the final day.

Though they were champions, Sparta's own aggregate attendance dropped from 318,000 in 1965-6 to 277,500 but it was still the best in the country. Next were Slavia (250,000), Trnava (178,000) and Teplice (127,000). Lowest was Inter Bratislava with 76,300.

Referees tightened up on discipline with the result that 17 players were sent off, against only four the previous year. Veteran international Josef Masopust was ordered off twice! As three of his colleagues—Frantisek Knebort, Jan Geleta and Miroslav Cmarada — were also ordered off, Dukla had the blackest record of all. Only other clubs to have more than one player dismissed were Zilina (Pavol Majercik and Karol Palivec) and Teplice (Milan Kopecky and Julius Kantor).

Two hundred and fifty players took part in First Division matches. Bohemians using more men (23) than any other club in their successful fight against relegation. VSS Kosice needed only 15.

TONY PULLEIN'S REVIEW

The country's leading sporting paper *Ceskoslovensky Sport* each week nominates its own team of the round based on eye-witness accounts of the performances of all players. At the end of the season they nominated their team of the season:

Viktor (Dukla); Dobias (Trnava), Staskovan (Zilina), Popluhar (Slovan), Taborsky (Dukla); Geleta (Dukla), Kvasnak (Sparta); F. Vesely (Slavia), Jurkanin (Sparta), Adamec (Trnava), Jokl (Slovan).

Champions Sparta will be having their second crack at a big European tournament next season. Their only previous entry into any of the "big three" competitions was in 1965-6 when they were knocked out of the Champions Cup in the quater-final after they had beaten Partizan Belgrade 4-1 in the first leg. They were crushed 5-0 in the return. On the way they had beaten Lausanne (4-0 agg.) and Gornik Zabrze (5-1).

FINAL TABLE

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
Sparta	**26**	**18**	**3**	**5**	**53**	**21**	**39**
Slovan Bratisl.	26	14	7	5	33	17	35
Trnava	26	16	2	8	53	26	34
Dukla	26	15	3	8	52	27	33
Slavia	26	12	6	8	39	37	30
Jednota Trencin	26	11	7	8	40	29	29
Jednota Zilina	26	9	8	9	43	41	26
VSS Kosice	26	9	6	11	27	26	24
SU Teplice	26	9	4	13	23	36	22
Inter Bratisl.	26	9	3	14	36	36	21
Bohemians	26	8	4	14	24	52	20
Lok. Kosice	26	6	6	14	16	46	18
Spartak Brno	26	7	3	16	24	49	17
Hradec Kralove	26	5	6	15	28	48	16

South American Commentary by GORDON JEFFERY

League fare interest in Argentina

THE only slight surprise in the final run-in for semi-final group places in the South American Champions competition was that Colo Colo emerged as the Chilean representatives and not the reigning national champions, Universidad Catolica. For the rest, there were the usual amendments and revisions before the two groups settled, with the Argentinian "pair" River Plate and Racing; the Peruvian club Universitario Lima and Colo Colo in one group; and the Brazilian national cup-winners Cruzeiro joining the Uruguayan clubs Nacional and Penarol in the other. Penarol, of course, as the holders of the title, were excused from competing in the earlier group competitions. They have recovered in this season's Uruguayan national competition from their very shaky start—beaten in their first two matches by Defensor and Racing (the Uruguayan club of that name, of course), but still dropped a point to Cerro (two-all) and just pipped Liverpool by the odd goal in nine. More recently, however, they have beaten Nacional—the latter's first defeat, incidentally.

In the semi-final group of the SA Champions Cup, each club plays the others twice, home and away, and the winners of each group meet in the final—that, too, will be decided on a home-and-away basis. Penarol, despite, as I have written, some awry performances, should head their group, while Racing (Argentina) are the favourites in the other group. Racing and River Plate have had their first skirmish—a goalless match in the mud—and in Lima, Universitario easily beat the visitors, Colo Colo, by three goals to nil. Cruzeiro remain the dark horses, but the probability is that Celtic will be travelling to either Buenos Aires or Montevideo for the away leg of their first crack at the Trans-Continental Club Championship.

Some of the semi-finalists are finding themselves slipping behind in their domestic championships. Colo Colo, for example, were in third place in the Chilean League after seven matches had been played—four points behind the leaders, Universidad de Chile, and one point behind Universidad Catolica, who held second place. But this is quite a large First Division, with 18 clubs and, therefore, 34 matches to be played by each club. A lot can happen before the full programme is completed. Nonetheless, one does not expect semi-finalists in Continental championships to present an ordinary team like Magallanes with two of the five points they have garnered.

In Argentina, the first stage of the "Torneo Metropolitano" has passed the half-way mark, and neither Racing nor, more particularly, River Plate, can be very happy about the developing situation—one in which, unless they improve over the final eight matches, could leave River in the lower half of their zone table and out of the running for the next stage of the championship.

I have a vague feeling that I may at some time have misled readers about the present set-up for the Argentinian national championship. Certainly I misled myself when some gremlin persuaded me in my personal records to allow for only single meetings between each club in the two zones! To re-cap—last season's Argentinian League of 20 clubs has been increased to 22 by the addition, from the Second Division, of Union de Santa Fe and Deportivo Espanol. The 22 have been divided into two zones of 11 clubs apiece, and each week 10 of each zone meet in 5 matches per zone, while the odd men out in each zone play against each other—an arrangement which maintained traditional "derby" (the term is used almost everywhere that football is played) matches between clubs like River and Boca, Racing and Independiente, and Newells Old Boys and Rosario Central, even though the clubs are in different zones. The points obtained from these "inter-zonal" matches count in the respective zone tables and —to disperse my gremlin—all clubs meet on the usual home-and-away basis. Thus all will play 22 matches. When that stage is reached, the top six in each zone will be joined by the four champion clubs from the interior regions of Argentina for the first truly *national* championship.

In addition to this, there will be a Metropolitan Championship contested by the top two teams of each of the two zones; and the seventh and eighth clubs in each zone (that is to say, the two in each group who came nearest to qualifying for the national championship competition) will play against the four runners-up from the interior, with the winners of this tournament ensuring a place in the following year's national championship.

" Metropolitan "

Finally, provision has been made for promotion and, for the first time for some years, *relegation* between the First and Second Divisions of the "Metropolitan" League. The bottom three clubs of each zone will be joined by the top four clubs of the Second Division—called Primera "B" in Argentina. These ten clubs will play against each other on a league basis and the top eight will play in the First Division and the bottom two in the Second Division the following season—at least two of the Second Division clubs are certain, therefore, to gain this promotion.

It may read complicatedly, but there has been nothing complicated about the way the first-stage matches have gone, with the small clubs for once making, and maintaining, the running in both zones in a most exciting manner that has kept the fans interested despite a spell of exceptionally cold weather, and that indicates that the intensity of the struggle to attain the various objectives will continue until the last weekend matches. Remember what, in each zone of only 11 clubs, is at stake—a crack at the Metropolitan Championship for the top two clubs; entry in the National Championship for the top six; a chance of entering the following season's National Championship and the avoidance of having to play in the tournament against the top Second Division clubs with some danger of being relegated, for the seventh and eighth clubs.

Not that any of this disturbs the lure of the "derby" matches. I have before me the detailed receipts of the 11 matches played in the 10th week of the season, when the inter-zonal was between Racing and Independiente. The receipts at this match were $7,266,540. The top crowd-puller in Zone B was the match between Ferro Carril Oeste and River Plate—receipts $3,689,300. The biggest in Zone A watched Boca Juniors play Velez Sarsfield —receipts $3,361,320. The figures speak for themselves, with the aggregate for the five matches played in Zone A still falling below that of the Racing-Independiente clash at Racing's Avellaneda ground.

The match itself was decided by a single goal, scored for Independiente by outside-left Tarabini halfway through the first period. Later, Independiente were handicapped by an injury to left-half Acevedo and did very well in the closing stages to hold out against strong Racing attacks —but it is a defence that had conceded only four goals in the previous nine matches. Tarabini's goal, incidentally, brought him level with Gimnasia's Lopez and Tarabini's clubmate Artime at the head of the Zone B goal-scoring list with eight goals apiece. Independiente's total of goals was just one more than Artime and Tarabini combined.

The match had an immediate bearing on the leadership of each zone, with Racing's failure keeping them in second place behind Estudiantes in Zone A — three points behind; but Independiente's win keeping them level with Ferro Carril Oeste and Platense at the top of Zone B—all three clubs having 14 points. But the following week's matches — the last of the first half of the season—saw FCO move into a clear lead, as they beat Independiente by one goal to nil, while Platense lost by the same score to Banfield. The Zone B positions at the halfway mark were:

Ferro Carril Oeste		**16 pts.**
Independiente		
Platense		
Gimnasia	all	14 pts.
River Plate		
San Lorenzo		
Banfield	all	12 pts.
Rosario Central		10 pts.
Union de Santa Fe		8 pts.
Chacarita Juniors		5 pts.
Deportivo Espanol		5 pts.

Racing had a chance in their final match of the first half of the campaign to have closed the gap on Estudiantes, when the latter, in the inter-zonal match, were held to a draw by Gimnasia (who thus moved to equal second in Zone B). But Racing themselves were against strong opposition in Velez Sarsfield and their match, like Estudiantes, was goalless. At the halfway mark, the Zone A table read:

Estudiantes		**18 pts.**
Racing		15 pts.
Velez Sarsfield		
Boca Juniors	both	14 pts.
Huracan		
Quilmes	both	11 pts.
Colon		10 pts.
Newell's Old Boys		
Lanus	both	8 pts.
Atlanta		7 pts.
Argentinos Juniors		4 pts.

Three rounds of matches have been played to date of the eleven to be played in the second half of the league campaign and there has not been a week without its surprise or surprises.

In the first week of the second half in Zone A, Estudiantes failed to repeat their opening match of the season win over Huracan and could only manage a draw one-all, but Racing could only repeat their goalless draw of the opening match against Newell's Old Boys. Third placed Velez Sarsfield were engaged in an inter-zonal match—against the Zone B leaders Ferro Carril Oeste. In the opening match of the season, on FCO's ground, Velez had won 3-1—and FCO lost only once more in that first half of the season. Now, however, the score was exactly reversed (3-1 in FCO's favour), but Velez Sarsfield's third position in Zone A, level with Boca Juniors, was not disturbed, because the latter were also beaten—2-1 by Quilmes!

In Zone B, Independiente could only draw with Rosario Central; Gimnasia were beaten, as they had been at the beginning of the season, by San Lorenzo, but Platense kept in touch with FCO by easily beating Chacarita Juniors 4-2

The next week saw both zonal leaders fall from grace. Estudiantes were beaten by Lanus, who in their first 10 matches had won only once. Moreover, Lanus won by four goals to two against a side who had conceded only five goals in their previous 12 matches. Yet Racing again only took part-advantage of Estudiantes' lapse when they drew one-all with Quilmes — Racing's third successive drawn match. Draws are fairly prevalent in Argentinian football, but after 12 matches, the surprise team of the year, Platense, had yet to draw in Zone B. Their first draw came in their 13th match—one-all against a River Plate becoming desperate for points. In the circumstances, Platense probably felt pleased that they had gained a point—but a win would have brought them level with Ferro Carril Oeste, who had been beaten one-nil by Rosario Central. But Platense's chance was still to come. The next week they beat Independiente by the odd goal in three, while FCO lost again—to Deportivo Espanol, the newcomers who had propped up the table at the end of the first half of the season. In the second half, however, Espanol had turned their opening-match 6-1 defeat by River into a 3-1 victory. Now their victory over the then leaders, FCO, took them off the bottom rung. Meantime, in Zone A, Racing had broken their draw sequence by beating Argentinos Juniors 2-0 and Estudiantes recovered somewhat in beating Atlanta one-nil. But, as the following tables show, the stage is set for a thrilling last-eight matches.

ZONE A

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
Estudiantes	**14**	**9**	**3**	**2**	**17**	**9**	**21**
Racing	14	7	5	2	20	10	19
Boca Juniors	14	6	5	3	22	15	17
Velez Sarsfield	14	7	3	4	26	19	17
Quilmes	14	4	6	4	16	16	14
Huracan	14	4	5	5	23	25	13
Lanus	14	3	6	5	19	20	12
Colon	14	2	8	4	14	18	12
Newells O.B.	14	3	4	7	13	18	10
Atlanta	14	2	4	8	14	21	8
Argentinos J.	14	2	3	9	13	29	7

ZONE B

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
Platense	**14**	**9**	**1**	**4**	**28**	**17**	**19**
Ferro Carril O	14	8	2	4	15	11	18
Independiente	14	7	3	4	22	8	17
Gimnasia	14	7	3	4	20	16	17
San Lorenzo	14	7	2	5	20	17	16
Rosario Central	14	5	5	4	12	17	15
Banfield	14	5	4	5	14	11	14
River Plate	13	4	5	4	20	16	13
Union	13	4	3	6	13	16	11
Dep. Espanol	14	3	3	8	10	25	9
Chacarita J.	14	1	5	8	14	31	7

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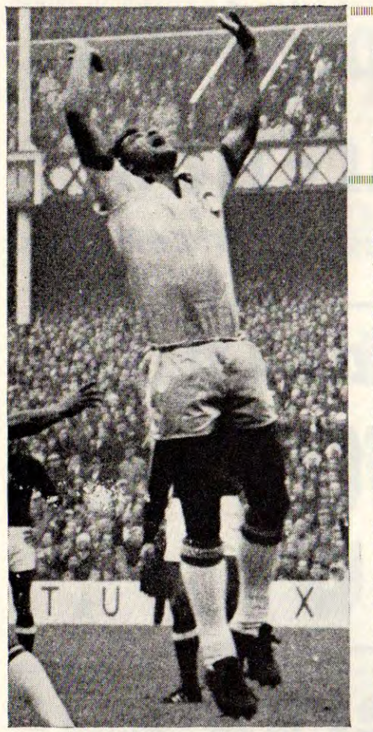
NEW LOOK FOR BRAZIL

World Diary by ROGER MACDONALD



Tostao, pictured here, is one of only two players who have survived from the 1966 World Cup to be included in Brazil's party of eighteen for the matches against Uruguay. (A.)

BRAZIL have begun to put together the pieces so rudely shattered by Hungary and Portugal during the 1966 World Cup. With Aimoré Moreira, coach in Chile, restored to command, the casualty list is heavy: only two players, Tostao and Alcindo, have survived from the Goodison fiasco; and only two players are chosen from Rio their smallest representation since anyone can remember.

True, the Brazilian F.A. has been compelled to permit leading clubs to go on tour with a full complement of players, a vital condition in their contracts; so Palmeiras have disappeared to Japan, Santos to America and Europe, Flamengo to Europe and Africa. But one wonders how many of the established stars—Pele, Rildo, Carlos Alberto, Ademir da Guia, Dudu, Paulo Henrique and Ademar—would have been chosen in any case, as Moreira's primary task must be to recapture the World Cup. Some of these have shown themselves psychologically unsuited to its harsh demands, and Pele, over and over, has said emphatically that nothing would make him play in the World Championship again.

These are the footballers chosen in the first place for two matches against Uruguay in Montevideo for the Rio Branco Cup:—

Goalkeepers: Raul (Cruzeiro) and Felix (Portuguesa); *Defenders:* Jorge Luis (Vasco da Gama), Everaldo (Gremio), Sadi (Internacional), Scala (Internacional), Jurandir (Sao Paulo FC), Clovis (Corinthians); *Midfield:* Dias (Sao Paulo FC), Piazza (Cruzeiro) and Dirceu Lopes (Cruzeiro); *Attackers:* Paulo Borges (Bangu), Natal (Cruzeiro), Tostao (Cruzeiro), Alcindo (Gremio), Ivair (Portuguesa), Leivinha (Portuguesa) and Volmir (Gremio).

Apart from the pair from Rio, there are six players from Sao Paulo, five from Porto Alegre, and another five from the home of Cruzeiro, Belo Horizonte. Levinha was unable to attend training because of injury, and his place was taken by Mario of Fluminense.

At 28, Felix would be regarded as old for an untried goalkeeper, but not in Brazil, where Gilmar was still in the front rank on the wrong side of 35. Gilmar, incidentally, shouldered the blame for Santos' 3-0 defeat by Cruzeiro, and lost his first-team place. Manga, a disastrous choice in the last World Cup match, has always been temperamentally unstable; further breaches of club discipline forced Botafogo to suspend him for a fortnight. So the choice lies between Felix, whose forte is positional play; and Raul, aged 22, a marvellous acrobat, but, again, with a disquieting lack of *sang-froid*.

Everaldo, the right-back, looked outstanding in Brazil's end-of-season competition, the Gomes Pedrosa Tournament. His ball control is exceptional for a defender, and he has a wide range of vision, quick to anticipate danger. Sadi, on the left flank, is a tough, aggressive full-back who likes to come up with the attack; at 24, he seems a good prospect for Mexico. In the centre are Jurandir and Dias, who always look a rather absurd combination, because Jurandir is huge and coal-black, Dias white and tiny. But they have played together for several years with Sao Paulo FC, are in excellent form, and have an understanding close to telepathy.

Moreira, reverting to his well-tried 4-3-3 system, has chosen three players from Minais Gerais, who won the Brazilian State Cup, to control midfield. Piazza is essentially a destructive footballer, a sort of Nobby Stiles; inelegant but energetic, always in the right place at the right time. Tostao, still only 20, was one of the few players not to tarnish his reputation against Hungary; his partnership with Dirceu Lopes is formidable—quick, unpredictable, and ruthless against the slightest sign of uncertainty.

Paulo Borges, aged 23, and Ivair are two of a kind, acrobatic strikers who can attain immense acceleration over a few yards, unwinding shots like missiles from a mediaeval catapult. Borges is probably the fastest winger in Brazil, but Volmir, on the left, is perhaps the cleverest. He can beat a man without touching the ball, and his centres, knee-high and swerving towards the far post, are a goalkeeper's nightmare.

Moreira does not claim his squad contains the best individuals in Brazil. "We had those in 1966," he says, "and the team fell apart. I have chosen the players who will combine most satisfactorily, who will react favourably to the stresses of international football. We have the basic talent, but we must follow the English example and sacrifice everything for team spirit." Three games were played and drawn 0-0, 2-2 and 1-1.

BASLE achieved the Cup and League double in Switzerland, but only after a bizarre ending to the Cup Final. They were drawing 1-1 with Lausanne two minutes from time when the referee, Goppel, awarded Basle an extremely doubtful penalty. Hausser scored from the spot, whereupon Lausanne refused to kick off, on the grounds that bottles had been thrown on the pitch. So the match was abandoned, without the Cup being presented. The Swiss F.A. took a dim view of Lausanne's action, and awarded the Cup to Basle on a 3-0 forfeit. Lausanne, who made an official complaint about the referee, had this rejected and lost their deposit of £27; they were fined nearly £500 for refusing to continue the match; and their manager, Karl Rappan, was fined £83 for encouraging their action. Ironically, of course, Basle's double qualifies Lausanne for the Cup-Winners' Cup in spite of their defeat . . .

WHAT must have been the roughest international of the year, Yugoslavia 1, West Germany 0, resulted in three players going off with serious injuries—Pantelic and Hasanagic of Yugoslavia and Müller of Germany. Gerd Müller's broken arm cost him an outright victory in the list of goal-scorers, which he had to share with Lothar Emmerich, both on 28 goals. However, Müller had a remarkable season, scoring 47 goals in all, four in internationals (all against Albania), seven in the German Cup and eight in the Cup-Winners' Cup.

In all 895 goals were scored in 306 matches, an average of 2.9 per match, including 11 own goals and 52 penalties. Another 15 penalties were saved, while 13 kicks went wide. Brunswick, the new champions, had the best defensive record—27 goals conceded in 34 matches, only eight at home; and, a sobering thought, their coach, Helmut Johannsen, is the only one to keep his position with the same club since the Bundesliga began, four years ago.

WHILE gates in Germany remained a steady 24,000 average, and rose in England to almost 30,000, Italy suffered a loss of 580,000 spectators over the season. The cause, surely, must be the World Cup fiasco and the abomination of catenaccio. In 306 matches only 613 goals were scored, an average of 2.01 per match, worse, even, than in 1964/65 when the average was 2.08. Juventus' average in winning the championship was 2.006 goals per match, the smallest average in Europe, comparing unfavourably with Glentoran (4.5), Dundalk (3.47), Celtic (3.37), Ajax (3.15), Manchester United (2.98), Real Madrid (2.737), Anderlecht (2.68), Benfica (2.65) and even Kiev (2.23).

Italy effectively qualified for the last eight of the European Championship, beating Rumania in Bucharest with a fierce cross shot from Bertini of Florence in the last ten minutes. But it came as little surprise after Rumania's astonishing collapse against Switzerland in the same group. They lost 7-1 (yes, seven goals to one) at Zurich, on a wet, overcast afternoon, after a wretched series of defensive errors. The score at half-time was 3-0, when Datcu replaced Ionescu in goal; but it made little difference, for Switzerland banged in four more, and left the field shaking their heads in disbelief. Latest table in Group Six:—

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts.
Italy	**3**	**3**	**0**	**0**	**6**	**1**	**6**
Rumania	6	3	0	3	18	14	6
Switzerland	2	1	0	1	9	5	2
Cyprus	3	0	0	3	1	14	0

DYNAMO ZAGREB reached the Fairs Cup final (in which they meet Leeds United), beating Eintracht Frankfurt with a prodigious recovery from a 3-0 deficit in the first leg. Their fourth and decisive goal at home (4-0) came from a penalty, converted by Belin after Lamza had been tackled late by Lindner. This same Stejepan Lamza, one of Dynamo's outstanding players, made a more injurious dive a few days later . . . out of a first-floor window in his team's hotel at Rejeka, receiving serious injuries. Dynamo lost 3-2 without him, losing ground to Sarajevo in the championship. A freak accident that could have a decisive effect on their hopes of a double triumph.

THE fate of Third Lanark, at a time when, ironically, attendances are rising in Scotland after a long and steady decline, shows how faint for many clubs is the dividing line between salvation and ruin. One must blame inefficient management, though, when a club in the heart of Glasgow cannot carry on. The huge area of population could surely support more than just Rangers and Celtic, as London supports its Millwalls and Queens Park Rangers as well as its Arsenals and Chelseas. 'Thirds', too, are inextricably associated with the history of Scottish football—one of the oldest clubs, founded in 1872, or perhaps as early as 1868, by members of the 3rd Lanark Rifle Volunteers. In 1904 and 1905 they won the Scottish League and Cup in successive seasons, when Hugh Wilson, dashing centre-forward back from Sunderland, scored two brilliant goals against Rangers. Which, I suppose, makes their disappearance all the more sad.

Mustafa Hasanagic of Yugoslavia and Partizan Belgrade. (O.)

BUT no sadder, for those who remember the palmy days of French football, than the second relegation of Stade de Reims, once second only to Real Madrid among the élite of Europe. And their greatest player, Raymond Kopa, is almost certain to retire, after a long and outstanding career. Kopa was born at Noeux-les-Mines, but his parents were Polish, and his real name Kopazewski. Reims signed him from Angers in 1951, then, after the first European Cup final, transferred him to Real Madrid, for some £50,000. In 1958 Kopa was the key player in the French World Cup team that took third place, and might, but for an injury to Jonquet, have even beaten Brazil. Reims used him predominantly as a centre-forward, organising the attack; with Real Madrid, where the general was Di Stefano, he became a right-winger, elusive and unpredictable, with marvellous footwork. After returning to Reims in 1960, Kopa was an outspoken supporter of the movement towards emancipation for the French professional, a bold stand which may have cost him many international appearances. Guérin, perhaps unwisely, ignored him for the 1966 World Cup, and France will be all the poorer for Kopa's departure.

ALREADY retired, Alfredo Di Stefano played for the first few minutes of his long-awaited benefit match—in which Celtic beat Real Madrid 1-0 at Madrid, confirming their victory against Inter in the European Cup final. Di Stefano is likely to receive £30,000 from the match, a reward his efforts for Real more than justify. In 11 seasons he played 541 times (374 wins and 71 draws), scoring 441 goals. He made 282 appearances in League matches, heading the goalscorers five times and playing in eight championship teams; 50 appearances in the Spanish Cup (three winner's medals); 58 appearances in the European Cup, scoring 49 goals—a record, surely, that will never be broken. Yet, curiously, his first match for Real ended in defeat, 4-2 against the tiny French club, Nancy.

Di Stefano has joined Elche as manager on a one-year contract—receiving a signing-on fee of about £8,000, with a basic salary of some £2,500 a year, which, in a good season, could be doubled by bonuses. Di Stefano succeeded Otto Bumbel on June 8, and his new club gave him a good start, winning a Spanish Cup-tie 5-0 shortly after his arrival.

FAR from retiring, Gunnar Gren has joined his thirteenth club, Redbergslis, who play in the Swedish Second Division, usually before crowds of about 1,000. Now 47, Gren may yet beat the record of Stanley Matthews, who played in League football when he was 50.

MARRIAGES: Germano, the Brazilian with Standard Liége, to the young Italian countess, who had to wait until she came-of-age because of her parents' furious objections . . . Suarez, to a girl from Corunna, on a Thursday morning, in secret . . . Facchetti, to a most attractive girl from Treviglio, his home village near Milan. Now, perhaps, Inter can begin to think about football again!

DEATHS: Peter Palotas, who played 24 times for Hungary between 1950 and 1956, at the tragically early age of 38 . . . Mario de Simoni, aged 79, Italy's first international goalkeeper back in 1910 . . . and Renzo' de Vecchi, aged 73, Italy's most popular full-back between the wars, called, with blasphemous extravagance, 'Figlio di Dio' or 'Son of God'. De Vecchi won his first cap in 1919, as a substitute against Hungary, and was enticed away from his first club, AC Milan, to Genoa in 1913. He played in 43 internationals, 23 as captain.

MOST courageous performance of the season must surely be credited to Jean Nicolay, goalkeeper of Standard Liège. He played most of the semi-final against Bayern Munich in the European Cup-Winner's Cup with badly torn ligaments above the knee, but refused to go off, and, according to many reports, was the best player on the field.

SECOND GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

A CROWD of 22,467 in Montreal on June 11 watched an England XI beat Borussia Dortmund of West Germany 3-2 to win the Expo '67 international soccer tournament.

Leeds United wing - half Norman Hunter gave the Englishmen the lead in the 22nd minute, but Reinhold Wosab tied the score 11 minutes later. Two minutes after half-time Dortmund, representing West Germany, took the lead when Lothar Emmerich scored from the penalty spot.

A goal by Nottingham Forest centre-forward Frank Wignall tied the score in the 72nd minute, and the same player gave England victory eight minutes from time.

To reach the Final, England, in Group A, beat Mexican First Division club Leon 3-0, with goals by Wignall, Brian Labone and Mike Summerbee. This game should have been advertised as the Mexican fiasco, as one Mexican player after another collapsed in agony from what one can only assume were mosquito bites. Despite a very poor performance by the England team, the Mexicans rarely troubled Gordon Banks, but gave Toronto referee Art King a very hard time.

Mr. King will probably have nightmares for years to come over this game, for when the Leon players were not rolling in agony on the ground, they were climbing up his back or waving their hands in front of his face in protest. This was a game everyone will want to forget very quickly.

The second game the following day was a complete contrast, emphasising even more sharply the debacle of the previous day. Once again the temperature was in the 90s, but this did not stop a team from Russia beating Standard Liege of Belgium 6-2 in an excellent game. The Russians, like England, used the tournament to experiment with players and combinations with a view to the forthcoming Olympics and the 1970 World Cup.

As is usual, the Russians set an example to the soccer world—in conduct—and each of their three games was notable for its lack of protests and passionate love scenes after a goal was scored.

Against the Belgian club the Russians took an early lead and never looked like losing it. Their goals came from Grannady Krasnitsky, Berador Abduraimov, Vladimir Fedatov (2) and Alexei Yeskov (2). Roger Claessen got both goals for Standard.

On Monday, June 5, Leon tied 2-2 with FK Austria. The Austrians were on top in the first half and took the lead through two goals by Joseph Broz. In the second half the Mexicans looked like a different team and fought back to equalise through Carlos Barajas and Sergio Anaya.

Tuesday's game saw the first appearance of the German representatives, and they were rather fortunate to beat Standard 1-0 on a penalty taken by Emmerich. This put the Belgian team out of the running.

COLIN JOSE ON EXPO '67

After heavy rain washed out Wednesday's England v. FK Austria game, the Russians met Dortmund on Thursday to decide the winners of Group B. In my opinion, this was the most interesting game of the whole tournament, and those 7,000 brave fans who sat through pouring rain to see it would probably say it was worth it. As a matter of interest, here are the two teams.

Borussia Dortmund: Bernhard Wessel; Wilhelm Groppe; Gerd Cyliax, Dieter Kurrat, Wilhelm Sturm, Gerd Peehs; Jurgan Weber, Willie Neuberger; Sigi Held, Rudolph Assauer, Lothar Emmerich.

Russian Select: Romaz Urushadze; Nikolai Bogdenov, Victor Anitchkin, Sergei Krulikovsky, Ivan Sevestiko; Vladimir Muntyan, Edward Ivanov; Berador Abduraimov, Vladimir Fedatov, Grannady Krasnitsky, Alexei Yeskov.

Some shaky goalkeeping by Urushadze of Moscow Dynamo gave the Germans their first goal. Held tapping in a pass from Weber in the eighth minute (of the two goalkeepers the Russians used in this tournament, Yuri Psennichikov was by far the more impressive).

A goal by Willie Neuberger, who was outstanding in the three games the Germans played, put them two up in the 25th minute, and thus the score remained until half-time.

In the second half the Germans fell back on defence, with Groppe playing the sweeper role well in the absence of injured Wolfgang Paul. The Russians did most of the attacking but were slow in front of goal and played into the hands of the hard-tackling German defence. Wessel made some excellent saves in the German goal, but the Russians hit the bar before Abduraimov got the Russian goal late in the half.

On the Friday evening England were very fortunate to beat FK Austria. Right-back Fritz Schmiedratwer gave the Austrians a 1-0 half-time lead, but Johnny Byrne got two goals in the second half to save England's face.

The game to decide third place was played on Saturday with the Russians beating Austria 2-1 with a goal by Krasnitsky four minutes from time the clincher. Neither side was very impressive but Broz put the Vienna club ahead in the 9th minute with a 25-yard drive, but Abduraimov equalised before half-time.

In all of the games the Russians played their most impressive player was Vladimir Muntyan the Kiev Dynamo link man, and we shall certainly hear more of wingers Valery Gadjiev and Alexei Yeskov.

On TV

All but two of the games were televised by the Canadian television network and were seen live coast to coast, however as is so often the case here the commentator knew little cr nothing of the game of soccer, and served only to confuse or mislead the viewer. In fact many soccer fans have told me that they now watch soccer on television with the sound turned off, because they find the commentary so irritating.

The Expo '67 tournament was very misleading from the beginning, with the teams being advertised on television and elsewhere (except the press who paid little attention to the tournament at all) as if they were national teams, instead of experimental teams and club sides.

To add to this confusing state of affairs a statement following the televising of the Standard Liege v. Borussia Dortmund game by Bill Simpson president of the Canadian Soccer Football Association was astounding.

Mr. Simpson, without even cracking a smile, told the TV audience that the world considered the Expo '67 tournament second in importance to the World Cup, and this was why some nations had sent their national "B" teams while others had sent their top clubs. One wonders how the South American nations would view such a statement.

Elsewhere on the Canadian scene preparations have been made for the Pan American games soccer tournament to be played in Winnipeg, and for the two games the Canadian national team have with Cuba in the elimination rounds of the Olympic Tournament.

Leading up to the Cuban games the Canadians played the Scottish XI team that has been on a world tour and lost 7-2. Joe Harper of Huddersfield scored five of Scotland's goals.

In the National League in Eastern Canada, it looks like Toronto Inter-Roma are the team to beat. Their team contains the best of the players who made up last season's Inter-Roma and Toronto Falcons teams in the now defunct Eastern Canada Professional Soccer League. Also some of their players have signed for the Boston entry in next year's United Soccer Association. They lined up as follows for their recent game with Toronto Croatia. Ferhle; Maggiacomo, Harvey; Barker, Bolognesi, Nichol; Bertolin, Yrfelt, Rosati, Piotti, Metidieri.

At the time of writing Roma's main challengers would appear to be Sudbury Italia and Hamilton Primos. Hamilton also from last year's ECPSL also have the nucleus of last year's team, and once again are coached by Bill Patterson the former Glasgow Rangers, Newcastle United and Doncaster Rovers centre-half.

ONTARIO NATIONAL LEAGUE

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
Toronto Inter-R.	**7**	**6**	**0**	**1**	**26**	**9**	**12**
Hamilton Primos	5	4	0	1	18	3	8
Toronto Croatia	9	3	2	4	21	26	8
Sudbury Italia ...	7	3	2	2	10	9	8
Toronto Hellas .	5	3	0	2	8	8	6
Polish White E.	5	3	0	2	8	17	6
Toronto Port. U.	6	1	3	2	12	12	5
Toronto Hun. ...	4	2	1	1	12	7	5
Toronto Olympia	7	1	3	3	8	17	5
Windsor Teutonia	5	2	0	3	6	7	4
Kitchener Kickers	4	1	0	3	7	11	2
Toronto Ukrania	6	0	1	5	7	17	1

(Up to and including June 20)

LATEST: Canada and Cuba fought out a 1-1 draw in Edmonton in the elimination round of the Olympic Soccer Tournament. Jose Verdecia gave Cuba the lead after 25 minutes, but outside-right Harold Hansen equalised with 15 minutes left in the game. The attendance at this first leg game was 4,000, the second leg to be held later on in Cuba.

Eire Round-up
by TOM MULDOWNEY

NEW SEASON AWAITED

ALTHOUGH Dundalk emerged as Eire's "team of the year," winning League, Shield and Independent Cup, Dublin's stranglehold on trophies was as emphatic as ever. Shamrock Rovers won the cup for the fourth successive time, beating St. Patrick's in an all-Dublin decider, and also won the Dublin City Cup, defeating Dundalk in the Final. Bohemians inflicted another "final" defeat on Dundalk in the Leinster Senior Cup, while Drumcondra, faded champions of yesteryear, salvaged the President Cup from their worst season.

Dundalk won the championship as easily as their seven-point margin would suggest. Leading from start to finish, they faltered only slightly around mid-season to give hope to Bohemians, Sligo Rovers and Limerick, all clustered at the top. Under-23 international, Welshman Alan Fox, was the cornerstone of a tough, unyielding rearguard that never stood on ceremony. They asked for no quarter and by golly they gave none. And all the while they did the most important job of keeping the goal intact. Nineteen against in twenty-two outings is proof of how rewarding they found their task.

To the men who performed it. From Cork Celtic, Kevin Blount, a class 'keeper. Fran Brennan and McKeown were flawless full-backs, with player-coach-captain Fox king of the penalty area. Kevin Murray and Mick Millington completed the soldiers of the rearguard. These two never spared themselves, covering acres of pitch as they powered the bordermen onward to one success after another.

Up front, Hale, Turner, Stokes and the now-unsettled Ben Hannigan were as proficient in the art of scoring goals as were their colleagues in stopping them. Hale, former Irish League "Player of the Year," was the leading marksman, but in truth the entire front five contributed to the impressive tally of 54.

Runners-up Bohemians took their first set of league medals for 30 years. This was a top tribute to coach Sean Thomas, who in two short years brought Bohs back to the big time. Thomas has since joined the American goal rush and he will be missed by both club and country. The amateurs played some brilliant football. Recall their 3-0 trouncing of Dundalk in the league. Vintage stuff. At times the ball was overplayed: witness that tragic cup defeat by little-fancied Drogheda United. They should have won; would have, with better finishing. In the end the extra pass was the difference between victory and a shock exit.

Flood, Newman and Kelly are names to note. Already Bill Shankly has had a look at the Simons. It's the old story at Dalymount. Build a team for the cheque-waving professionals. No wonder new boss Paddy Murphy is keeping his fingers crossed. If the team Thomas built continues to play for pleasure, then Bohs should grab a major trophy next term.

Another downward step to Sligo Rovers. And a clap on the back for the "men from the west." They plunged into the transfer market and, backed by the finest supporters' club in the country, fielded a forward line of full-time professionals. Walsh, Byrne, Brookes, Walker and Durant captured the imagination of the Show Grounds and made it a packed place for most of the league campaign. Centre-forward Johnny Brookes and pivot Dave Pugh took most of the honours. Unfortunately, Sligo won nothing. Even their last-ditch effort in signing Gordon Atherton, when the Bury player was released by Drumcondra, to bid for the cup, or at least for an extended run, failed—ousted on their own ground by Cork Hibernians.

It was a tragedy for the League of Ireland as well as for Sligo that the gamble did not come off. By their gallant effort, Sligo gave football here a real shot in the arm. Brookes and Pugh are guesting with Shamrock Rovers in America and all the others have gone. Brookes and Mickey Walker are expected to be re-signed. And no doubt, come what may, the Rovers will have another go before the new season is very old.

It doesn't seem right that Ewan Fenton has left Limerick—but gone he has, after seven years by the Shannon. Gone north to take over Linfield in the Irish League. It was fitting that in Fenton's last year, one of his finds, Al Finucane, should become Eire's "Footballer of the Year." A title Fenton almost received on at least two occasions.

Limerick improved after a bad start, to end up in the top four. It was the old, old story of deep defence and front runners—with the exception of Drumcondra discard Joe McGrath—without shooting boots. Pats knocked them out of the cup. A defeat they might have avoided had they come out of their shell and given McGrath more support. The Markets Field will be a lonely place without the soft-spoken Scot. Well may he reign at Windsor Park.

It's strange to find Shamrock Rovers in the middle group. A super show against Munich in the European Cup was followed by an unexpected form loss. The Milltown men went to bits and for a time it seemed they would not gain a ticket for Europe in 1967-68. However, came cup time and Hoops recaptured the old magic. Waterford were without Jimmy Geough for most of the campaign and this alone killed any hope the Blues had of retaining the title. Thomas and Matthews were brought from Coventry City and Bryan from Oxford United. The attack scored an impressive 53 goals, only one less than Dundalk. They could improve, but the departure of coach Coad is a blow, for he will be hard to replace.

Gerry Doyle, who left Shelbourne to take over at Richmond Park, must have been pleased at Patrick's progress. As Shield runners-up, they qualified for the Inter-Cities Fairs Cup and also reached the Cup Final. At the start, Jimmy Harris, former Everton leader, led the

● *Continued on page 42*

Ambrose Fogarty. (L.I.)

PROSPECTS FOR THE NEW SEASON

IRISH NEWS by Colin McAlpin

THE usually quiet summer months between seasons have been unusually busy for a number of Irish League clubs. Topping the list in activity are Irish League champions Glentoran who are doing extremely well in the American tournament to start big-time soccer in that country—the Glens, representing Detroit in the competition, remained unbeaten after four games (drew with Shamrock Rovers and then, in the return game, beat the Eire club; drew with Sunderland and drew with Aberdeen) and have become one of the most talked-about clubs taking part in the much-publicised tournament.

Following swiftly behind the Ovalites are such clubs as Bangor, with a last-ditch "Save our Club" letter going around the seaside town, and Crusaders with a manager who has been offered terms for next season but who has not, as I write shortly after the offer was made, accepted.

Aside from that terrific bit of public relations the Glens are doing for Northern Ireland, one of the most exciting pieces of news to come from the local scene was the suggestion made by Ards chairman Harry Black —he urged club representatives on the I.F.A. and Irish League to push the suggestion of some form of sponsorship by Ulster companies for local trophies.

His own company, Blaxnit, is one of the most progressive when it comes to sponsoring sporting activities — the Blaxnit Golf Tournament is one of Ireland's top in the field—and Mr. Black has come up with what could well be a brilliant idea to pump much-needed cash and extra encouragement into the game here.

Sponsor

The thoughts of a sponsored Irish Cup—or, for that matter, a financially-backed Ulster, City, Gold Cup, Irish League championship, Top Four tournament or County Antrim Shield—have inspired a great many people who are now backing such a move.

Many leading industrial companies sponsor various sporting meetings—horse racing, motorcycle scrambling, fishing, golf, tennis, cycle racing, badminton (the list is, seemingly, endless)—and many football fans feel they should be encouraged to do the same for their sport.

Remember my suggestion of last month for a sponsored final between the winners of the Ulster and City Cups (two competitions run on the same lines, one at the start of the season and the other at the end)?

How much better it would be if sponsorship was extended to, say, the Irish Cup with, again say, prize money of £2,000 going to the winner and some going to the runner-up. Or we could have, say, total prize money of £2,000 available:—£1,500 to the winner and £500 to the beaten finalist. The possibilities are unlimited and, for the sponsoring company, the publicity would be well worth the outlay.

Just consider the publicity gained by a company who sponsor the Irish Cup. Each round could be pushed as, say, the Gallaher Irish Cup or whatever. It's certainly worth a thought on the part of the sport's officials for, I know, several companies have already considered such a move quite recently.

Bangor, struggling for as long as anybody cares to remember, have started a campaign by letter to try and bring in much-needed revenue to help build a sound club in time for next season—the first games of which will begin on August 5th (the Ulster Cup).

The seaside town, one of the rapidly-expanding areas of Northern Ireland, deserves a good-class football club but officials at Bangor know that to lift the club out of its rut money is needed—and quickly!

The letter is being sent to tradesmen and supporters pointing out that the club is in dire trouble moneywise. For the shop-keepers (more, perhaps, than the average supporters) a strong club, drawing plenty of support and bigger 'gates', means more cash from the visitors. It is in their interests to have such a club in the town. A club having a good run is the best form of publicity any town can have. (How often do we hear of Gateshead or Accrington since the football clubs went out of the Football League?).

Already one supporter has sent in £60 and, on the strength of this beginning, club officials are confident of a good response generally.

Down at Seaview, Crusaders are looking forward to their first-ever trip to the European competitions (as Irish Cup winners they'll be taking part in the European Cup Winners' Cup)—but so far the man who made it all possible, manager Ted Smyth, has not indicated that he'll be with the lads. Although he has been offered terms, Smyth is still considering them and, as I write, has not come throught with a concrete "yes".

I'm pretty confident Smyth, the man who took over a disjointed side and moulded them into one of the League's most feared outfits in a matter of months, will be in charge of club affairs come August but he's not happy with a number of things at the moment.

With the departure of talented inside-forward Alan McNeill to newly-promoted Middlesbrough for the laughably low fee (reported fee at any rate) of a mere £6,000 (more of this later) Smyth needs several weak spots covered in good time for that vital trip to the "mainland"—he has one youngster, Thanny Brush, standing by to step into McNeill's place but in other positions, notably in defence, the club is frighteningly weak.

Smyth wants some of the transfer money to allow him to go out and get new blood. He realises that the money is needed to rebuild the dressing-rooms destroyed by fire last August (a few days before the start of last season) but feels he should be allocated some of it to build up a sound team.

The transfer of McNeill—touring America with Glentoran along with fellow inside-forward Danny Trainor—was an interesting one. It was known that the ambitious McNeill wanted away from the rut he considered himself in at Seaview (where he has played all his senior soccer) and approaches had been made by Linfield. He had been watched on quite a few occasions by English scouts and managers but, alas, on those days he always managed to play below his usual brilliant standard. It was thought he'd never get to England until the surprise offer came through.

But that dismally low fee must surely be the limit. Isn't it about time English clubs stopped stealing promising players for such low outlay? If Middlesbrough sell McNeill tomorrow I'm sure they would ask at least £10,000 for him. The poor old Irish League clubs, anxious to grab at any money offered, must continue to be milked of their most promising players for these insulting fees.

Top dogs

Glentoran will surely be the top dogs in the Irish League this new season after such an experience as they have had in America. They were virtually full-timers, had the works as far as publicity was concerned and more than held their own against such opposition as Sunderland and Scottish Cup finalists Aberdeen. There will be no stopping them in the domestic competitions this season.

Their great trip to the States has matured them beyond all hopes—as player-coach John Colrain (one of the most popular of the Glentoran players in Detroit) put it: "The experience we are getting out here is really great and should stand us in good stead when the home season gets going."

Colrain, who made news of an unwanted sort when he became the first player in the States to be suspended for, it is said, striking a linesman during one of the club's opening games is a big hit with press and TV.

Glentoran have really been a smash hit in the States. One of the most publicised and talked-about clubs taking part in the competition all the boys are making the headlines. What a wonderful experience it has been for the East End team.

This month (August) sees the start of the 1967-68 season and, as I usually do at this time of the year, here's a pre-season preview of the clubs and their chances for honours in the coming months:—

ARDS:—At one time last season it seemed the Castlereagh Park club would be one of the pace-setters—they were well up the Irish League table and looked capable of staying the pace being set by the eventual winners Glentoran. Then things, strangely, went off for the County Down side and their slide down the table to the lower regions was as dramatic as their climb up had been.

Unless manager George Eastham has secretly collected a couple of good defenders and at least one good attacker I don't see the club doing much this term. They must, for me, remain an average, fairly good side—nothing more or less.

BANGOR:—About the only glory the seasiders' had last season was a run, but a very good one it must be admitted, to the Irish Cup semi-finals. Otherwise they had a terrible season, going well into the season before they recorded their first win. There is little to cheer down at Clandeboye Park and, I fear, little to give hope for anything better this term.

BALLYMENA UNITED:—With managerial trouble and half the side wanting away from the Showgrounds for one reason or another, the club seems too unsettled to be of any danger to the obvious trophy-chasers like Glentoran and Linfield..

COLERAINE:—Always one of the better-class teams in the Irish League they didn't really hit it off last season after promising so much. But manager Bertie Peacock is a canny bloke and under him his club, never one to dismiss without much thought, could do well. As I see it, however, they are too inconsistent to be a real threat. Better than average season can be forecast for the Bannsiders.

CLIFTONVILLE:—Last season there was the faintest glimmer of hope for the Solitude strugglers. This season can promise no more from the amateurs than lots of effort and success spread thinly over the season.

CRUSADERS:—They will badly miss the promptings of McNeill and need a sounder defence and more deadly forward-line. If Smyth decides not to re-join as manager the Seaview side is really sunk. I think he will continue as boss and guide a shaky club to the end of what will probably be another up-and-down season. Watch them for some of the less important trophies like the Gold or County Antrim Shield. Might find it impossible to retain the Irish Cup and don't seem strong enough to take the League title from Glentoran.

DERRY CITY:—Very much an unknown quantity since their unhappy experiences over the state of Brandywell Road, City have never regained the heights they reached when they became the first Northern Ireland club to progress past the first rounds of the European Cups. Since those golden days Derry City have slipped from their top placing in the League and last season proved a frustrating one in terms of success—frankly it just didn't happen.

Manager Willie Ross, now that he has lost skipper and goalkeeper Frank Connor (departing after bitter words and claims that he was treated badly), must search for new talent if he is to guide the club back to the top of the pile—which he is doing via frequent trips to Scotland.

For City, then, this season could well see the beginning of a revival. This revival might not, however, bear fruit immediately and we may be forced to wait for at least another season before the Londonderry club return to the forefront.

DISTILLERY:—Poor last season until new manager Tommy Casey came to Grosvenor Park from the obscurity of the Welsh League. Once he has settled in at the Park Distillery could, with some prodding and strengthening in certain vital quarters, be worth watching. It will take time and I doubt if it will happen during the coming season. Might be good for a couple of the lesser competitions —much, in fact, like Crusaders.

GLENAVON:—Trouble - torn Glenavon are going through a transitional phase and manager Jimmy McAlinden, after clearing out a couple of players, must be worrying about the immediate future for his Mourneview Park boys. For them I see no great change from last season—much promise and little concrete success.

GLENTORAN:—Now we come to the club who must surely continue their successful ways. Last season, their greatest ever, they won the Ulster Cup, City Cup, Gold Cup, Irish League, were beaten in the final of the Irish Cup, went down in the semi-final of the Shield and refused, after riots had ruined that Shield game against Linfield, to meet their old rivals again in the Top Four semi-final.

Their terrific experience gained in America should help make the Glens just about the hottest property locally. One can only assume, on the strength of recent successes and present form, that they are good for a straight repeat of last term. My tip for the trophies this season.

LINFIELD:—A poorish season last season. Winners of the least important Shield and gimmick Top Four, a quarter-final placing in the European Cup (their most notable success), Linfield collected a new manager in Ewan Fenton during the summer to boost hopes of success this term. A solid side with some weaknesses—Linfield, as always, will be a safe enough bet for at least one of the major trophies.

PORTADOWN:—Under the management of Jim Conway—"I want to see Portadown play the sort of football that won Celtic their European Cup"—the Shamrock Park club could well sneak into the lower regions of reckoning. They need, of course, several key positions strengthened but with this fulfilled I have a sneaking suspicion the Mid-Ulster outfit could well be the dark-horse for some of the lesser competitions.

Overall, however, it must be Glentoran to set the pace for the coming season. Watch, as usual, a fighting Linfield and keep an eye on Crusaders and, possible as a long, long shot, Portadown and Coleraine.

Who will pick up the thousands of new supporters expected to move into the new city area of Craigavon? Will it be Portadown or Glenavon of Lurgan, between the two towns the new city will take shape?

Both clubs are naturally anxious to attract as many new paying customers as possible and both are hoping that they are sitting on a goldmine for when Graigavon grows out more the population of the region will shoot up.

Already a large Wolverhampton company has moved to the Mid-Ulster district with large family groups following—the Ports and Lurgan Glens are both confident that support can be attracted to their colours.

Also at the meeting a suggestion to have the wearing of glasses during games banned was turned down — which should please Glentoran's Eric Ross who plays in unbreakable glasses every week. Scotland will continue to discourage the wearing of glasses which, of course, means that if Ross is transferred to a Scottish club in the future he'll have to get contact lenses.

Tommy Casey, manager of Distillery. (B.G.I.)

WORLD SOCCER
back numbers available:
1965: June.
1966: September, October, November, December.
1967: January, February, March, April, May, June,

'The quiet sweeper'

PLAYER PORTRAIT

SOMETIMES footballers seem a great deal more preferable when they are *not* playing football—but when they are relaxing, listening to records, signing a few autographs, talking to journalists or team-mates, or absent-mindedly staring out of the bus window when they have been taken to watch another match.

It seems then that footballers are ordinary people, and not the dogged, sweating, intent characters that they appear when *you* are on the terraces, and *they* are running about in front of you.

And this was the impression that hit me particularly forcibly when, on leaving Wembley stadium after the England-Portugal World Cup semi-final last summer, I nearly ran into Internazionale's Armando Picchi.

I had to look twice to recognise him. Dressed in a neat blue suit, it didn't seem possible that here was the identical automaton who had all but broken the hearts of Real Madrid supporters, officials and players, in the Viennese Prater stadium in 1964. The same man who had become by virtue (some might say vice) of being the world's best sweeper, pretty well an accepted part of every coach's tactical manual.

No, not sweeper, but *libero*. The Italian term seems to convey so much more.

Remember when Inter came to play Everton in the Champions' Cup back in autumn 1963? Few people outside Italy had ever heard of Picchi. All the publicity, all the flash lights, all the "special" camera angles were reserved for Suarez, Szymaniak, Jair, and Mazzola. The English Press achieved the incredible in managing to reduce the hard core of Inter's defence to sheer anonymity.

Even then, not four years ago, there were many who didn't seriously grasp the significance of the way in which Picchi played to orders. Just that he turned up luckily to save the situation at the last possible moment. Just that he always seemed to be behind play. Just that he didn't seem to have anybody to mark.

Maybe all this was due to Everton's attempts at squashing Inter as far back in their own penalty area as was possible. Maybe Picchi didn't get the room in which "to sweep and be seen to sweep". Just referred to as "an Italian defender"—even when matters became somewhat heated, and Giulio Sarti, with that Patience-of-Felix expression on his face, had to come out of his goal quickly in order to make sure that several of his colleagues didn't stay within fist-flinging distance of their opponents long enough to start a riot!

Right through Inter's stay at the top it was the same—"an Italian defender". Outside Italy writers seemed afraid to credit Picchi. He was the world's most functional *libero*. Schulz was competent in the World Cup, but not up to the standard of the best Picchi. Yet rarely was his name put forward when it came to hypothetical "World" or "European" selections.

Quite personally I feel it was because just to mention the name of this player conjured up the image of an unproductive game. Sterile. Goal-less. Played in midfield. There seems to be a fear of praising Picchi (outside of *Calcio* of course) because one doesn't want to appear to be praising pure defensive football. Perhaps he was too good. No one thinks of him as a man any longer, merely a position on the field.

Armando Picchi was born on June 20th, 1935, in Livorno (Leghorn). The town had a club in Serie B (Division Two) by the time his ambitions pointed towards a career as a professional footballer, and he eventually became a regular at right or left-back.

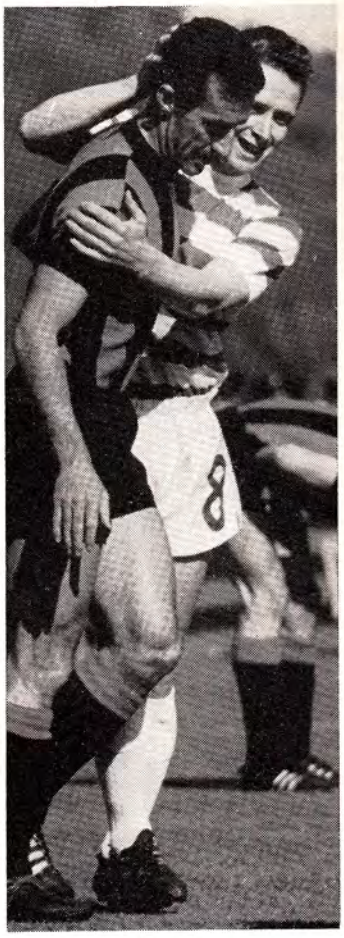
He was fast, he was intelligent, his positioning was good, and he usually stopped his opponent . . .

Livorno themselves didn't seem to be going anywhere. But Serie A club Spal seemed to be heading for the drop when they finished near the bottom of the First Division in 1959. Understandably they wanted to recruit some new players. But on the other hand they couldn't afford to pay big money. In turn Livorno were in no position to refuse *any* offer for *any* player, so Picchi moved up a grade!

Spal didn't have a bad team really. Massei (ex-Interista), and Morbello (future Interista) did well upfront, and Picchi had an excellent season in defence. Indeed, the young provincial impressed many people. Among them was Angelo Moratti, Inter's President.

He was looking around for new men to bring a fresh complexion to his club. He had already assurred himself the services of Helenio Herrera as coach, and so in that same summer of 1960, after signing Lorenzo Buffon from Genoa, Moratti arranged an exchange deal by way of which erstwhile 'keeper Enzo Matteucci went to Spal, and Picchi came to Inter.

The new man spent most of his first two seasons at Inter as a wing full-back, since there was an abundance of central defenders. He even became club captain. But in 1962, with the emergence of Giacinto Facchetti on the left flank, and the signing of Tarcisio Burgnich for the right, it seemed that Picchi's days were numbered.



Armando Picchi, the Inter Milan "sweeper", with Celtic's Willie Wallace (8). (M.I.)

But Herrera was having difficulty in finding a player mobile and consistent enough to fill the role of *libero*. Comes the time, comes the man—and in this case it was Picchi, the perfect solution to Herrera's problem. And the fact that by now he was no youngster didn't matter, because the job of sweeping is one of the least demanding, physically, in football.

Everything clicked. Suarez and Corso in midfield hit top gear, and were augmented up front by Sandrino Mazzola. The big three—Burgnich, Guarneri, Facchetti—proved almost impassable in defence, and when they were beaten Picchi was ever in position to save the day and set things to rights again.

So it was that in 1962-63 Inter won the Championship for the first time in nine years and then went on to sweep aside all challengers on the international front. Two European Cups, two World Club Cups and a further two League titles.

Armando Picchi

In 1964, at the advanced age of 29, Picchi even made his debut for the *Azzurri*. But Fabbri resented the counter-attacking methods of Herrera, wanted a more fluid style, and Picchi was rejected. Until this last season, when Herrera himself took over the National team, and the Inter skipper was suddenly back in favour!

And now have come the defeats. Celtic, Juventus winning the most necessary trophies, and little Padova jubilantly ousting Inter in the Italian Cup semi-finals.

People will look back at Inter's great recent triumphs, and remember Facchetti, Suarez, Corso, Sarti, Mazzola. But odds-on they'll forget Armando Picchi—the anchor-man of a team built to defend.

★ *KEIR RADNEDGE*

West German Newsletter

THE NEW CHAMPIONS

by Arthur Rotmil

SALUTE Bayern Munich for their brilliant "double" in winning the European Cup Winners' Cup—1-0 over Glasgow Rangers and the German Cup, for the second year in succession —4-0 against Hamburger SV. Salute too, Eintracht Brunswick, the new Bundesliga champions and spare a cheer for Eintracht Frankfurt who became the first German side to win the Rappan Cup—4-3 on aggregate over Inter Bratislava. This, only three days after their shock dismissal from the Fairs' Cup semi-final, when after winning the home leg by 3-0, they slumped in the return to Dynamo Zagreb by 0-4.

Bayern's triumphs—the greatest in the club's 67-year-old history —are due in large measure to the leadership of the triumvirate namely coach Zlatko "Tschik" Cajkovski, Technical Director Robert Schwan and president Wilhelm Neudecker. Above all, Cajkovski born 24/11/1923 in Zagreb, married with a son and daughter, he has played for HASK Zagreb, Partizan Belgrade, and, as a student of physical culture, for FC Cologne. Capped 57 times by Yugoslavia, took part in the 1948 and 1952 Olympics and the 1950 and 1954 World Cups. Was at right-half for FIFA in the 4-4 draw with England at Wembley in 1953. Has coached Hapoel Haifa (Israel), Dos Utrecht (Holland) and FC Cologne whom he led to the German championship. Since 1963 he has been with Bayern who under his guidance won promotion to the Bundesliga two years ago and immediately finished third and also won the Cup. This season's glorious achievements make him Germany's outstanding manager and there is little doubt that the young Bayern side—average age 24, but with several promising reserves under 20—could go far and now they are setting their sights on the championship. The club rely on their own nursery which produced Maier, Beckenbauer, Kupferschmidt, Nafziger and Brenninger among others. The scorer of that "golden" goal in Nuremberg, 21-year-old Franz Roth, has joined them at the start of last season from Sp. Vgg. Kaufbeuren. Bayern have six internationals namely Nafziger, Olk and Nowak, plus current first choices in Beckenbauer, Maier and Müller.

Ten days after the gruelling two-hour battle with Rangers, Bayern took the field in the DFB-Cup Final against Hamburger SV. Four most popular German players of the moment were seen in direct opposition: Franz Beckenbauer facing Uwe Seeler and Willi Schulz confronted by the new goalscoring ace Gerd Müller, widely regarded as the heir apparent to Uwe's role in the national side. His fighting qualities, goal sense, power, stamina and ability to score goals from any angle, stamp Müller as a new "Sturm-bock". Even his remarkable recovery from a broken arm sustained on May 3, remind one of Uwe's physical strength and he is only 21. This season, in competitive matches alone he has scored 47 goals. 28 in the Bundesliga, 8 in the Cup Winners' Cup, 7 in the DFB-Cup and 4 in the international v Albania.

The Cup competition was never very popular in this country until the recent European successes of German Cup-holders. In 1961 for instance, only 8,000 turned out at Gelsenkirchen to watch the Final won by Werder Bremen, 2-0 against FC Kaiserslautern. Now, 75,000 fans packed the Neckarstadion in Stuttgart, for only the 24th Final which Bayern won by 4-0, the most emphatic score of all finals. Hamburger had a lean spell in the Bundesliga, deprived of Seeler for 12 weeks and his reappearance in the last league game of the season coincided with HSV's first victory since January 21! But even his magnetic personality could not save them from the rampant Bayern side for whom Müller hit the opening goal in the 23rd minute. Ohlhauser added another in the 72nd, the irrepressible Müller flew horizontally to head no. 3 four minutes later and Brenninger, with a penalty, completed the rout in the 85th. Forget the stories that only British teams are overworked through playing more matches than anybody else. This was Bayern's **75th** game of the season!

West Germany's new champions the Braunschweiger Turn-U. Sportverein Eintracht E.V.1895 (the year of foundation) have so far played only a modest role in German soccer, their sole successes dating back to 1908 and 1913, when they became the Northern champions. Their own stadium holds up to 40,000 spectators, of whom 3,000 are seated. The club's coach, 46-year-old Helmut Johannsen holds a unique record of being the only Bundesliga manager to survive the first four seasons with the same club. At the start of last season his side were freely tipped . . . as relegation candidates! Johannsen smiled politely when asked by experts how he proposed to keep Eintracht in the Bundesliga and then proceeded to defy all predictions by climbing to the top on December 17 and staying there till the last day, to clinch the title. Their only international stars with recent recognition are 'keeper Horst Wolter (25) and forward Lothar Ulsass (26) while right-winger Klaus Gerwien can look back on two caps. But Brunswick are a 90 minute side, full of running, hard tackling and a cast iron defence which conceded only *eight* goals at home and 27 altogether in 34 matches.

The fourth Bundesliga season brought fewer goals than ever. 895 in 306 matches, an average of 2.925 as compared with 1964 av. 3.571—1965 av. 3.317—and 1966 av. 3.222, per match. A total of 7,548,000 fans watched the games, an average of 24,000 per match.

BUNDESLIGA — FINAL TABLE

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
Eintracht Bruns.	**34**	**17**	**9**	**8**	**49**	**27**	**43**
1860 Munich ...	34	17	7	10	60	47	41
Borussia Dort. .	34	15	9	10	70	41	39
Eint. Frankfurt .	34	15	9	10	66	49	39
FC Kaiser.	34	13	12	9	43	42	38
Bayern Munich .	34	16	5	13	62	47	37
FC Cologne	34	14	9	11	48	48	37
Bor. Mön.-Glad.	34	12	10	12	70	49	34
Hannover "96" .	34	13	8	13	40	46	34
FC Nürnberg ...	34	12	10	12	43	50	34
MSV Duisburg ...	34	10	13	11	40	42	33
VfB Stuttgart ...	34	10	13	11	48	54	33
Karlsruher SC ...	34	11	9	14	54	62	31
Hamburger SV ...	34	10	10	14	37	53	30
Schalke 04	34	12	6	16	37	63	30
Werder Bremen .	34	10	9	15	49	56	29
Fortuna Düssel. .	34	9	7	18	44	66	25
Rot-Weiss Essen	34	6	13	15	35	53	25

EINTRACHT BRUNSWICK, GERMAN CHAMPIONS 1966-7. Standing l. to r.: Dulz, Moll, Baese, Manager Johannsen, Wolter, Kaack, Ulsass, Maass. Sitting: Gerwien, Schmidt, Saborowski and Meyer. (Metelmann.)

PROBLEMS OF THE CZECHS ARE BASIC

WORLD Cup Finalists in 1962, the Czechs failed to qualify for the final rounds of the 1966 series. Rebuilding for Mexico must be the major aim of the comparatively new National team boss Josef Marko and looking only at the team's achievements under his command it may well seem that he is making progress. The Czechs may feel they have cause to be happy—but scratch beneath the surface and the problems begin to mount.

To be fair to Marko one must recognise that like all other National coaches he can do little in the few days allotted to him each year. If the problems are to be overcome, they must be attacked at club level.

Having just seen four league and Cup matches and the international against Turkey I have enough evidence to form an assessment of the current strengths and weaknesses in the Czech game. But before doing this, consider first the standards being set elsewhere—the standards which the Czechs must reach if they are to challenge again for top honours in the big club competitions and the World Cup.

In the international arena today, football is dominated by physical forces; strength, speed and stamina, allied to technical skill and tactical understanding. At the same time the game is slowly realising that the modern tactical defence can be beaten by positive attacking play and there is some reason to hope that by 1970 one or two teams may have reached a reasonable standard of efficiency in this field.

Against this backcloth we can now begin to assess the state of the Czech game in 1967.

On the credit side I have found an enormous interest in football that shows no sign of decline, and an enormous depth of talent which compares very favourably with that in any other European country. I also have the impression that the State accords football a very high place in its priorities, and this being so, if the game made it clear that help were needed then financial and material help would be forthcoming.

With all this in mind it is clear that great progress could be made.

Summing up my impressions of the current Czech game, the matches I saw were dominated by technical skill; a determination by the players to avoid bodily contact; very poor refereeing, and an intellectual approach which stops dead at the *jeden-dva* (wall pass). If this were not criticism enough I have clearly seen an even greater problem—a total lack of individual and collective discipline.

Worship

While the technical standard is high the Czechs have a tendency to worship skill as a god—an end product in itself. In reality skill with the ball (however great) is nothing more than raw material. In the industrial field technicians use huge quantities of rubber, steel and other materials to make cars in a factory — skill with the ball represents no more in football than steel does in the process of manufacturing cars. That the Czechs idolise skill there is no doubt for this is amply demonstrated by the attitude towards Sparta Prague's (new champions) latest discovery Josef Jurkanin. Eighteen - years - old, Jurkanin played this season in the UEFA Youth team. Later he made his bow in Sparta's league team and won his first cap against Turkey.

The Czech attitude towards Jurkanin is clearly demonstrated by the fact that he took second place in a poll to find Czechoslovakia's "Footballer of the Year." Clearly it is Jurkanin's skill which brought him this high rating but what troubles me is the fact that it is clear to me that the Czechs think he is already outstanding!

Jurkanin does have outstanding ability—but he is totally without experience; has never even seen an Italian or Argentinian-type deep defence; and he is AFRAID.

In two of the games I saw, Jurkanin feinted and dribbled for fifteen minutes. He doesn't play without the ball (because he doesn't know how) and having been intentionally "hit" by opponents disappeared from the game almost completely. Jurkanin carefully scrutinised every pass aimed at him—measuring his chances of reaching the ball without a physical challenge. Unmarked or with the chances weighted 60-40 (or more) in his favour, Jurkanin went for the ball. Marked or with anything like a 50-50 ball, Jurkanin stood and watched.

Jan Popluhar, the stalwart centre-back of Slovan Bratislava and Czechoslovakia. (M.I.)

This is not intended to be a criticism of Jurkanin who has enormous talent, but a criticism of the attitude adopted by the Czechs as a whole. To me Jurkanin is a boy who "might" be worthy of a Footballer of the Year title in 1977, but to the Czechs he is already an idol.

Overall the Czech displays a disinclination to get in close to opponents. In every tackle the foot is stretched out (away from the body and its tender parts). They tackle with the foot only, while in Britain, in Italy, in Russia and in Argentina the body goes in to the tackle with the weight over the tackling foot. Bodily contact is inevitable, it cannot be avoided by anyone who would play World Class football, but in Czechoslovakia the public derides it, the referees penalise it, and the players are afraid of it.

I would exempt only three players from this criticism — Geleta (Dukla), Vojta (Sparta) and Slovan Bratislava's Popluhar. Geleta and Vojta will "fight" against Czech players (who are reluctant to fight). I know they will because I have seen it—but I have my doubts about their willingness to "fight" against burly Russians and Italians. Popluhar is the one outstanding Czech player in this respect. I watched him closely and never once did he check to see if an opponent was close. Popluhar moved to the ball oblivious of those around him. His attention was on the ball and the ball alone. He wanted it and he went for it . . . inevitably he got it. Czech referees must accept a great share in the responsibility for this attitude for repeatedly I have seen them penalise a player who simply moved to the ball with determination and got the ball. After months and months of frustration the most

by ERIC BATTY

determined players become accustomed to the no-contact rule.

This may be fine for the Czechs domestic football, but the game does not belong to them alone. Football is international and I cannot believe that the Czech public really does not care about the rest of the world. In the European Cup and more important still in the World Cup, Czechs want their players to "fight". They want Kvasnak and Adamec, Popluhar and Geleta to beat Russia, West Germany and England but they will never do this if they are forced to play a game suitable for girls for 361 days in every year and then suddenly change into grown men two or three times a year. Somehow the Czech game must grow closer to that played elsewhere. The referees must allow a greater display of determination, and the club coaches must DEMAND IT.

To this end the Czech FA would be well advised to open an advanced school for referees where an unlimited supply of films from matches abroad should be available for study. In addition they should send their referees abroad, making an arrangement with other countries on an exchange basis.

Czech players inevitably grow up believing that what is penalised in Prague and Bratislava will be penalised in Buenos Aires and Birmingham. This is simply not true, and when players realise this is an important match with say a German or Russian referee they can only think that this particular referee is terrible.

Above all Czech referees must discipline themselves to avoid giving popular decisions. In every tackle they must ask themselves . . . "did the players attempt to get the ball or did they attempt to get the man?" AND "did the player, in fact get the ball or did he get the man?" This is the accepted international standard — that players must intend to get the ball, and get the ball in fact, and if in the process the bodies happened to clash then this is part of the game.

Backward

In the realm of intelligence the Czechs are little if anything behind the rest of the world, for the game as a whole is still very backward in this field. With very few exceptions the entire game is still thinking in terms which applied during the thirties when the WM system represented the most advanced tactics. Since then however we have seen the introduction of tight man-for-man marking (and razor sharp tackling) and later the introduction of the *libero*.

Tight marking and quick tackling can (and does) reduce ball skill to nothing. In the modern game defenders employ physical and psychological factors—injury and the fear of injury—to intimidate opponents. If the ball player cannot withstand this treatment his skill declines and disappears for increasingly he finds that he does not want to play—he does not want to go for the ball.

Tight-marking

Now we can see in isolated clubs around Europe the understanding that tight-marking can be turned to advantage for defenders must follow their opponents everywhere if they are to mark-tight and tackle quickly. This being so we can use right-wingers to draw the left-back out of position and use the right-half or right-back as an attacking player on the right-wing

In Czechoslovakia I have seen this from only one club—Spartak Trnava—and elsewhere it is clear that the coaches have not understood this principle. Obviously Czech coaches did note the use England have made of their full-backs in attack, for at Sparta, Dukla, Slavia and Teplice I have seen backs moving up in support. But from the way they "attack" it is clear to me that the coach has simply spoken to the back and said—"you must attack." So the player attacks, but he doesn't know "how".

The one outstanding exception is Spartak Trnava and their coach Anton Malatinsky who it is said "bullied" his players into top place in the league table, and kept them there for lengthy periods. Malatinsky it was said is a dictator.

In terms of training methods and tactics Malatinsky is determined. He knows what he wants and he gets it. Perhaps by Czech standards he is a dictator . . . but by international standards Malatinsky is little more than a cuddly teddy bear that wouldn't frighten a three-year-old child. Compared with the more determined figures like Helenio Herrera, Heriberto Herrera and Bill Shankly Malatinsky is benevolent.

This brings me to the question of discipline which simply does not exist in Czech football. Some of the things I saw would have given Helenio Herrera a heart attack and burst blood vessels in lesser disciplinarians. To quote one widespread example, the erection of defensive "walls" when direct free kicks were awarded close to goal. Four or five players stood shoulder to shoulder, arms crossed across the front of their bodies. The enemy ran up to take the kick and every player turned away; the ball was kicked and every player ducked!

The wall simply did not exist.

In Britain and Italy, the players line up with their arms crossed BEHIND their bodies AND they link arms (again behind) so that each man is held firmly in position by those on either side. If the free kick is sent crashing towards their stomach the players' team-mates on either side hold him firm and the ball hits him—without danger to goal.

Finally the question of individual discipline which is lower in Czechoslovakia than any other country I have visited. Here I quote two incidents concerning the same player and the same manager—Josef Adamec and his coach Anton Malatinsky. With the greatest respect to Pan Malatinsky, Adamec is a law unto himself. He does not play for Spartak Trnava . . . he plays for himself!

Adamec wouldn't live in Italy or England but he survives and is a star in Czechoslovakia because he has the ability and the inclination to hit the ball first-time. This alone brought him 22 league goals and the leading scorer's trophy for 1966-67.

In spite of his abilities Adamec is both chicken and temperamental. At Teplice where Trnava lost 2-0, Adamec played no part in the game simply because the home defenders decided that he should not. In the first minute Adamec was "accidently" kicked, and hobbled off the pitch. Returning, he remained very little longer for after being chopped down from behind (when through on his own), Adamec hobbled off for good.

● *Continued on page* 42

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AROUND THE WORLD STORIES

SWEDEN

ONLY one game away from the half way mark the two Stockholm clubs AIK and Djurgarden have only Malmo FF to challenge them. 45,000 saw the first big derby of the campaign AIK v. Djurgarden (1-1) which was as even as the score suggests. AIK had the best and most enterprising attack but Djurgarden had the tighter defence with national 'keeper Ronnie Pettersson in fine form. After leading the way for the bulk of the first half AIK were finally toppled by Malmo after the Stockholm club had been beaten 5-0 (!) away to Orgryte. Malmo and AIK now have 15 points from 10 games; Djurgarden 12 from 8.

With the younger players looking to the professional countries and a whole string moving to the United States it is the veterans who dominate. Nacka Skoglund (37) is the man behind the promotion of Hammarby who came up with Holmsund but even he may be unable to save his club from dropping back to Division II. Hammarby took only one point from their first seven games, and though they have since won two games, only Holmsund are below them.

A poll to find the top Swedish player of all time placed Gunnar Gren ahead of Kurt Hamrin, Gunnar Nordahl and Nils Liedholm. Gren now 47 recently made his fourth comeback with Division II Redbergslid and for his first game pulled the gate up from an average 300 to 1,200. Four years ago Gren was manager of Italian champions Juventus!

Harry Bild formerly with FC Zurich and last season with Feyenoord has returned home and next season will play in Division II with Oester IJS, while the last of the Nordahls (Thomas) son of Gunnar and now 21 has joined Agne Simonsson at Orgryte. Though there are plenty of big names, National coach Orvar Bergmark faces many problems, emphasised by his team's lack of scoring ability. In the last three games, all at home only one goal has been scored.

BRAZIL

WITH plans almost complete to introduce the new National championship in 1968, CBD President Joao Havelange initiated the "Tournoi Gomes Pedrosa" in an enlarged version of the annual Rio-Sao Paulo play offs. Including the top teams from the big states, the top two in each group qualified for the final pool. The Sao Paulo clubs Palmeiras and Corinthians won their groups but the big surprise was the successes of International and Gremio FC—both from Rio Grande do Sul who took the second places. Eventual champions were Palmeiras but the lesson of the Tournament is clear—the little States are growing up.

The Rio clubs naturally were all demoralised by their failures, and all the big names have replaced their managers. Fluminense have appointed Gonzales (Argentina) after sacking Tim Gerson; Gentil Cardoso replaces Zizinho in charge of Vasco da Gama, and Flamengo have apparently persuaded Otto Gloria to return home. Former CF Barcelona and Real Madrid striker Evaristo de Macedo has also been confirmed as the new boss of America FC.

Adding to the consternation of the Rio public, new national coach Aimore Moreira named only two Carioca's amongst his 18 man squad to prepare for the two clashes with Uruguay for the Copa Rio Branco. Only Tostao and Alcindo are included from the World Cup squad, and the two Rio men are Jorge Luis (Vasco) and Paulo Borges (Bangu). Five of the 18 are from Cruzeiro FC of Belo Horizonte.

Clearly the new elite in the Brazilian game are the Moreira brothers. Aimore manager of Palmeiras (champions of Sao Paulo and Gomes Pedrosa winners) and Zeze boss of Corinthians (runners-up in both competitions). Aimore is also national coach . . . with Zeze his assistant, and the third brother Airton previously unknown is the man behind the rise of Cruzeiro. After beating both Nacional (2-1) and Penarol (1-0) Cruzeiro are the favourites for the South American championship.

RUSSIA

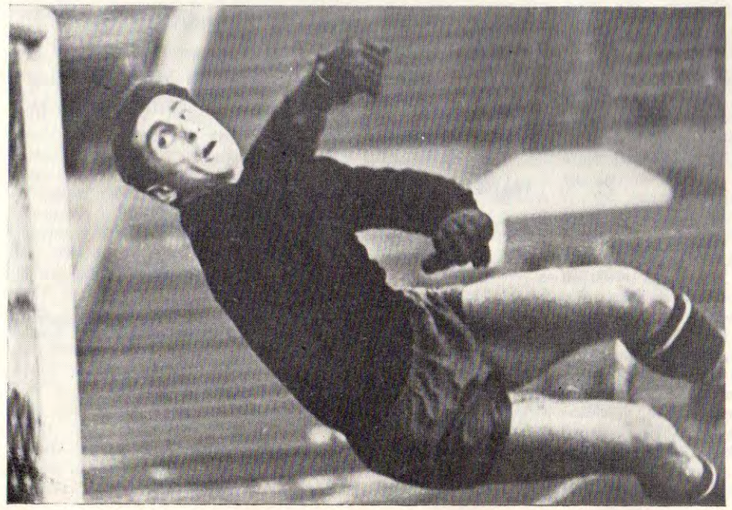
FOR the first time ever four Dynamo teams occupy the top places in Division I—Kiev, Moscow, Tbilissi and Minsk in that order. Dynamo Moscow with Yachin, Riabov and Chislenko the key men are the only team unbeaten after the 11th round, and are one point behind Dynamo Kiev with a game in hand. The Moscow derby Dynamo v. ZDSA pulled in a crowd of 56,000 to see Dynamo beat their neighbours 2-0—their first victory in the series for seven years.

That week end 240,000 watched the First Division matches for an average of 30,000 and all the signs are that football is more popular than ever. Even the FA Cup is arousing great interest, primarily due to the entry which success will give to the European Cup Winners Cup.

In the equivalent of the fifth round, the two big clashes are ZDSA v. Dynamo Kiev and Chaktor Donezk v. Dynamo Moscow. Torpedo and Zenith have both failed to reach the last 16 however, and so too have Spartak Moscow 8 times the Cup Winners who were knocked out by Second Division Sokol (Saratov). Spartak are having a poor season struggling to keep away from the relegation zone along with the Moscow Army club ZDSA who are now being managed by the former Dynamo forward of the forties . . . Bobrov.

With the national team performing consistently once more coach Mikhail Jakuschin appears to be permanently installed. In Paris, Russia beat France 4-2, their first ever success against France after being 2-1 down at half time. Chislenko (2), Streltzov and Buschewitz were the scorers, but the key man is Eduardo Streltzov—denied to the World Cup squad last year but undoubtedly the most "Latin" of all the contemporary Russian forwards.

Jakuschin's major problem appears to be the question of replacing Yachin, who like all the great 'keepers can be expected to "go" without warning. Kavaschvili seems to be the natural successor, but is still relatively inexperienced, and it would be a tragedy, if Yachin suddenly lost his touch in a vital match.



Anzor Kavaschvili of Russia. (A.)

AUSTRIA

IN spite of promising performances against England (0-1) and Russia (3-4) feeling in the capital is still running high against new Bundeskapitan Erwin Halge and his assistant Karl Koller. The big Viennese clubs threatened to boycott all OFB selections, and the proposal to form a new Wiener-Liga has earned a great deal of sympathy. A regional-Liga would cut costs for most of the First Division clubs which is still dominated (numerically at least) by Vienna but such a move would be disastrous for the better provincial clubs Wacker Innsbruck and Linz.

Czech coach Anton Malatinsky (Spartak Trnava) recently agreed to join Admira-Energie as coach for the new season, but a few days later the Czech FA vetoed the move. With five Czech coaches (including Vytlacil, Stasny and Bufka with Rapid, Wacker and Linz) and great rivalry between Prague and Vienna, the Czechs argued that exporting their best coaches was not practical.

The Austrians too are joining the export game with First Division top scorer Gustav Starek leaving champions SC Rapid for the Bundesliga and 1st FC Nurnberg. His new boss Max Merkel was recently quoted . . . "no player in Austria could hold a first team place in West Germany" . . . and Merkel is Austrian-born!

Other players leaving Austria are former international goalkeeper Gernot Fraydl leaving SW Bregenz for the U.S.A. and Philadelphia Spartans, and 38 years old former Yugoslav star Bernard Vukas. Unable to save his club Kapfenberg from relegation, Vukas has joined FC Zurich.

NORWAY

NEW National team selector Einar Jorum is rapidly acquiring the reputation of dictator—the result of demanding dedication and discipline. Persuading former Feyenoord coach Willy Kment to join him as assistant, Jorum has already effected an improvement. Kment is no stranger to the Norwegian game for in 1954 he had a spell with IFK Drammen and between 1960 and 1962 was National coach.

Norway's sparse population is one of the game's greatest handicaps and gates are still declining slowly. In 1965 the First Division programme was watched by 442,000 and this dropped to 404,000 in 1966. This year the figures are still dropping and it seems that only if clubs in the bigger centres do well can the trend be reversed.

Skeid (Oslo) are one of the clubs who could improve the overall attendance figures, but champions last year Skeid are currently bottom of the league.

The surprise of the new campaign is provided by newly promoted Rosenborg FK from Trondheim, whose 11 points from 7 games keeps them clear of Sarpsborg (9 points) and Lyn Oslo with 8. Rosenborg's success revolves around the form of two players — international inside-forward Harald Sunde and an 18 years old newcomer Odd Iversen. Sunde is currently the Norwegians' top scorer and Iversen won his first caps against Portugal and Finland. Last season in the Youth XI Iversen hit a hat-trick against the Portuguese Youth squad—and on his debut he equalised Eusebio's first goal in Oslo.

Ronnie Pettersson of Sweden. (M.I.)

YUGOSLAVIA

THE most consistent team of the season, Sarajevo have maintained the recent provincial challenge to the stranglehold of the big Belgrade clubs Red Star, Partizan and OFK, but fell 2-1 to Hajduk in the FA Cup Final. One of the leading clubs in the forties and fifties, this is Hajduk's major honour for many years.

Suffering less than most of their rivals from the players' desire to emigrate Dynamo Zagreb consistently hung on to Sarajevo throughout the league campaign, and with three matches left forced their way to the top. In fine form at the time, Dynamo produced a miracle to reach the final of the Fairs Cup after losing 3-0 away to Eintracht Frankfurt. Winning 3-0 in the second leg, they added a fourth in extra time to gain a sensationally unexpected win. A few days later, installed as league leaders for the first time they were hit by disaster when star centre-forward Stefan Lamza fell from a window in the club's hotel. Seriously injured, he may be out of the game for good. Later the same day, his colleagues lost to Rijeka to leave Sarajevo virtual champions.

After partially closing the export door with the change to professionalism the FA is still attempting to plug the gap even tighter. In future transfers will be allowed only in the period 1st to 15th July, and players joining foreign clubs will have to be at least 28 years old and have served two four year contract terms with Yugoslav clubs. Fulfilling these conditions a player joining a foreign club will receive 30% of his transfer fee; a player having served three four year terms in Yugoslavia and joining a foreign club will be entitled to a 50% share of his transfer fee.

POINTERS TOWARDS PROGRESS

EUROPEAN COMMENTARY by Gordon Jeffery

IT was a safe bet that, under even reasonable staging conditions, match reports from the Expo '67 Six Nations Tournament played at the Autostad, Montreal, would contain some reference to different interpretations of the rules of the game. In sad truth, there were different interpretations of just about anything one could think of in this poorly-organised, unsatisfactory affair for which the Canadian F.A. must accept their share of responsibility. They might not have known, or believed it possible, that the Expo '67 organisers would have been so out-of-touch with the game of football as to allow a troupe of elephants to tramp backwards and forwards between their circus acts over what had been laid out as the football pitch. But they should have provided adequate accommodation for the competing clubs and national sides. They were also to blame for calling off the First Vienna v. F.A. XI match because of rain and for the farce of suspending a player but then having considered the Mexican appeal of mistaken identity, after the case had been heard and judgment passed, allowing him to play in the match for which he had been suspended! (Worth noting, in passing, that had the Canadian Disciplinary Committee taken evidence instead of accepting merely the referee's report, the farce would not have been played out. Cases of sending off one player but naming another in a report are not likely to occur frequently—outside of the circus tournaments, but the affair does confirm my personal opposition to the "reform" sometimes put forward of bringing the F.A. into line with many other countries where suspicion is automatic on the terms of a referee's report. As a matter of fact, it seems unlikely that a fair hearing of the incident would have resulted in Frank Wignall being suspended with considerable evidence to hand of provocation and, indeed, of the necessity for him to defend himself).

That, however, is a digression. The Canadian tournament was so lacking in understanding of the organisational requirements that one need not have felt surprise if the interpretation of the rules was eccentric. What is more surprising is that we read the same phrase about matches played between long-established football-playing clubs and/or nations and refereed by experienced FIFA referees. Yet the phrase in itself is ninety-nine per cent nonsensical. No game has a more simple set of rules and it is difficult to see how these simple rules (correctly, I should write "laws", of course, but that always sounds faintly archaic) can be interpreted other than how they are written. There are, of course, a number of trick questions based on rare, almost non-existent possibilities like—what does the referee award if a goalkeeper takes a goal-kick but a strong wind catches the ball before it has passed beyond the penalty area and blows it back into the goal? Or, what difference does it make if (a) the goalkeeper himself, or (b) one of his team-mates, touches the ball before it goes into the net? Or suppose the ball had first passed beyond the penalty area before the wind took charge of it?

There are such questions for referees and fans to argue around. There is sometimes misunderstanding of the intentions of FIFA's Referees' Committee when they issue advice and guidance—usually, mark you, on matters upon which the rules are silent. A while ago, for example, the England Under-23 team on tour and playing against, I think, from memory, Czechoslovakia, had a free-kick. They used the fairly familiar ploy of one player advancing but another actually taking the kick. Referee Leo Horn promptly made them take the kick again—he was acting upon a then recent directive from FIFA about shamming, to an extent that they had decided could be considered as being "ungentlemanly conduct", before taking a free-kick. Subsequently, it transpired that the ploy used by the young England players was not the sort of subterfuge frowned upon. These are oddities. The rules themselves are surely straightforward.

What has happened, of course, is not that the rules have been interpreted differently in different countries but that the combination of climatic (and therefore ground) conditions, of national temperaments and of usage, has varied the manner of playing the game in those different countries. All play according to the same rules but in some countries the legitimate tackles frequent in another country are seldom used—not because they are against the rules (which, I repeat, are the same) but because the ground surface is too hard for, say, the sliding tackle to be used. Ground conditions, allied to a reluctance to risk injury, encouraged the habit in many countries of standing-off, of waiting for the chance to intercept a pass instead of challenging for possession of the ball by a tackle. If the player declined to pass, it was still often more habitual to obstruct than to tackle him—there is, of course, an important distinction to be made in that respect. That the rules permit tackling but they do not permit obstruction.

Jimmy Johnstone was one of Celtic's terrors against Inter-Milan. (M.I.)

Now it is possible, if somewhat to be regretted, that some who presume to play football have not bothered about learning the rules. They play as others before them played and if, therefore, they play with little tackling they are likely to be disturbed when they come against opponents who "get stuck in". Similarly if they are accustomed to letting the goalkeeper have unhampered freedom in his own goal area, they may get het up when an opponent charges their keeper. There is no reason, however, why referees, whatever the usage in their own country, should seem at variance with the rules. They may have grown up, played and watched their earliest football in a country where, as instanced above, charging the goalkeeper is unpractised. They may never need in refereeing domestic matches in their own country to ponder whether a charge on a keeper is legitimate but they should be in no doubt about what the rules of the game say:

That it is an offence to charge the goalkeeper '*except when he:*
(a) is holding the ball;
(b) is obstructing an opponent;
(c) has passed outside his goal-area.'

No "and/ors" about that, incidentally, and, providing, of course, the charge itself is a fair one, not much room for varied interpretation!

Players, as I have suggested, unaccustomed to challenging goalkeepers when they are either holding the ball, obstructing an opponent or outside of their goal-area, may resent such challenging of their keeper—but should referees? According to the rules of the game they should not, but latterly it seems to me that more and more referees are applying not the universally agreed laws of the game but those parts of the law which are accepted as the norm in their own countries or perhaps their own concept of what the laws *ought* to be. This is not a new development. It has, unfortunately and contrary to what were the honourable intentions, increased I think with discussions at international level about referees' problems! And, maybe only coincidentally, it has become even more pronounced since England won the World Cup.

Vigour

There was, as I expect many readers sensed, consternation in some foreign quarters about what was called, at its kindest, the *vigour* of English play, at its snidest the *violence* of it. Nor were these worries appeased by the realisation that West Germany, the other finalists, and the Soviet Union, the fourth-placed country, were likewise prepared to be hard and decisive in their efforts to gain possession of the ball.

It is personal preference whether you feel that the grazed knees were part of the delight of the game in the days of your boyhood. I must confess to having been always proud of my cuts and bruises—indeed, a comparison of the size of bruises was a regular Monday morning ritual. It may not have reflected our skill as ball-players but it did perhaps have some relationship to our "heart" and courage—and that does matter at all levels. Without it the high overall attendances at league matches in countries such as England, West Germany and the Soviet Union would slump to that of countries where the domestic game is more anaemic in content.

What presently worries me is that some of the anti-tackling thought has rubbed off on some referees. It may be only coincidence—I hope that it is—but three matches in quick succession, although controlled by experienced FIFA referees, raised serious doubts. The first was England's match against Spain; the second the Celtic-Inter Champions Cup final; and the third the Austria-England match in Vienna. Istvan Zsolt was the referee for the Wembley match. I have long admired his refereeing and had been disappointed when he did not get the World Cup final—he had taken, you may remember, the opening match between England and Uruguay. But within minutes of the start of the match against Spain it became obvious that anything that savoured of the sliding tackle was a foul in Mr. Zsolt's eyes. More, in the early stages, virtually every tackle!

There was more tolerance as the match progressed—Gallego, who had a good match in Spain's defence, took advantage of the rain-drenched pitch after the interval to successfully essay a sliding tackle that masters of the past like Alex Mackie would have been proud to emulate, and was (rightly) unpenalised. Maybe Mr. Zsolt was following the "in thing" amongst referees—start the game by being ultra strict! But that approach should not include penalising legitimate tackles and, thanks to being able to look again at what had happened on television a couple of hours later, Mr. Zsolt was often clearly wrong and many times debatably wrong. There was one incredible incident when a Spanish player slipped as Alan Ball moved into a tackle. Mr. Zsolt blew—Ball showed some displeasure. He did, after all, know—as did all spectators in a position to see, and as the camera later showed with no shadow of doubt—that there had been no contact whatsoever between himself and his opponent. One had to face the gnawing doubt—that Mr. Zsolt had blown because he *expected* Alan Ball to go hard into a tackle.

The Champions Cup final was refereed by the West German Tschenscher—again an experienced World Cup referee. Again it may be that he blew so often in the early stages because he was seeking to affirm his authority and he was prepared to be more lenient in the second half, when Cappellini might consider himself fortunate to have got away with no more than conceding a free-kick when he kicked Simpson. But what was noticeable was that all hard tackles were penalised, whereas there was considerable tolerance of "shielding" when the ball was so far from being in a playable position that "obstruction" would have been a more accurate description. There were even more ample examples in this game of the use of blatantly obstructive tactics in the confident knowledge that nothing more than an indirect free-kick would result. Here, I suppose, there is a difference in interpretation—most British referees would have judged some of the interposing of knees in Johnstone's body as "tripping" and pointed to the penalty spot, but Herr Tschenscher was content to settle with an indirect free-kick. Similarly, Wallace was once stopped abruptly in his dash for the ball by a defender kicking head-high in front of him with no prospect of contacting with the ball. It seems absurd that this too warrants only an indirect free-kick—not that the referee could do other in that instance than what the rules dictate.

Extracts

Finally, Austria v. England—I neither saw this match nor was I able to see any of the televised extracts but the unease I had felt at the refereeing of the two earlier matches was not appeased by the reports I read of the Vienna match. It was not only Desmond Hackett who saw "a French referee who gave the impression the Austrian players were his nearest and dearest. Referee Kitabjian whistled at almost everything England tried to do and took the names of Ball, Norman Hunter and Brian Labone for offences that only he, apparently, could see." Brian James noted "a fussy, dancing little authoritarian of a referee", and, most significantly, Geoffrey Green, one of the most experienced and responsible of all international football writers, wrote in the "Sunday Times": "a fussy French referee kept breaking up the English pattern with decisions that seemed outside of the law book. Perhaps he, like one of his countrymen, does not wish the English game in the Common Market."

If tackling is to be outlawed it must be done by re-writing the laws of the game, not by referees acting outside of the law as it stands.

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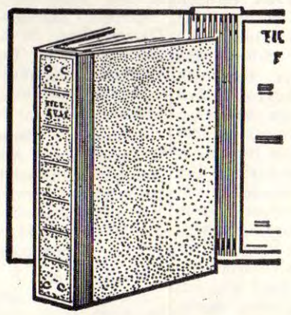

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BASLE TOP

News from Switzerland

By Arthur Rotmil

THE coveted League and Cup "double" is becoming fairly common in Switzerland. After FC Zürich accomplished it last season, now FC Basle followed suit, thus claiming the distinction of being the sixth Swiss club to perform this feat, which has now been achieved for the 13th (!) time. Grasshoppers were "double" winners six times, in 1927, 1937, 1942, 1943, 1952 and 1956; Lausanne twice, in 1935 and 1944; La Chaux-de-Fonds twice, in 1954 and 1955; Young Boys once in 1958 and FC Zürich once in 1966.

Basle's championship win—only the second in the club's 74-year-old history (previous title in 1953)—was clinched on the last day of the season, for with two games left, defending champs Zürich and Lugano were close on their heels. First to waver were Lugano who crashed by 3-5 at Lausanne in a dramatic encounter which saw the hosts take a 4-0 lead after only 35 minutes play. Lugano pulled back to 3-4 but a dubious penalty settled the issue, ending a fine run of 18 League games without defeat, since September 25, in fact. Meanwhile Basle laboured to a goalless draw against relegation-threatened Winterthur, while Zürich made up ground with a 2-1 victory over Young Boys. In the crucial final round, the league season's record crowd of 31,000 turned out at the St. Jakob stadium in Basle to cheer their favourites against the country's most famous club, Grasshoppers. The hosts early two-nil lead was wiped out and the game hung in the balance but the very tired Basle eleven held out courageously to complete the most triumphant year in their history. Zürich's and Lugano's victories were not enough, leaving both a point behind the new king-pins of Swiss football.

Founded November 15, 1893, Basle are this country's fourth oldest club after St. Gallen (1879), Grasshoppers (1886) and Servette (1890). Their other successes concern the SFV-Cup which they won four times, in 1933, 1947, 1963, 1967. Basle are worthy champions having topped the table from the 10th league round, remaining unbeaten during the first half of the series and without a home defeat throughout. They established a new record by conceding only nine away goals — this after failing to win away the previous season! — and drew the largest crowds in 10 out of 26 rounds, while in 14 out of 26 games they attracted more than 10,000 fans.

This season has in fact smashed all attendance records with a total of 1,070,000 watching the games, an average of 6,320 per match. Together with Moutier, Winterthur have been relegated after losing the play-off by 1-3 to Chaux-de-Fonds (goal average doesn't count here). They will be replaced by Lucerne and Bellinzona who finished well clear of their nearest challengers. But there is no respite for Swiss teams despite the nerve-racking battles for honours or survival. Ten (!) of them are—at the time of writing—taking part in the Rappan Cup, Alpine Cup and Friendship Cup! Leading goalscorers: Künzli (FC Zürich) and Blättler (Grasshoppers) 24, Martinelli (FC Zürich) and Amez-Droz (Grenchen) 18, Frigerio (Basle) and Frochaux (Sion) 16, Hauser (Basle) 14.

NATIONAL LEAGUE—FINAL TABLE

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
Basle	**26**	**16**	**8**	**2**	**61**	**20**	**40**
Zürich	26	18	3	5	70	31	39
Lugano	26	17	5	4	51	29	39
Grasshoppers	26	14	4	8	60	31	32
Servette	26	10	6	10	49	35	26
Sion	26	10	6	10	48	38	26
Young Boys	26	10	6	10	44	48	26
Grenchen	26	10	4	12	43	49	24
Young Fellows	26	9	6	11	33	44	24
Lausanne	26	9	3	14	46	44	21
Biel	26	8	5	13	25	42	21
Chaux-de-Fonds	26	8	4	14	34	48	20
Winterthur	26	8	4	14	33	54	20
Moutier	26	2	2	22	16	100	6

Last two in Fairs

Fairs Cup Review

by **ARTHUR ROTMIL**

FOR the first time in the 12-year-old history of the Fairs' Cup, the Final will be disputed by teams who had the good fortune to eliminate previous opponents by a lucky toss of a coin. Leeds United failed to dispose of Bologna in the quarter-finals after 210 minutes of football but qualified on a "spin", while Dynamo Zagreb succeeded by the same method in the First Round against Spartak Brno. The two Final legs will be played at Zagreb on August 31 and at Leeds on September 6.

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Make no mistake, both managers are as anxious to win this "friendly" as they are to win a cup final.

Prestige, even national honour, is at stake. Let's face it, you take a Scottish side who have become the first British club to win the European Cup, pitted against an English side which finished an amazing 28-match unbeaten run last season by lifting the FA Cup, and you have 22 players with plenty to play for.

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And just as obviously, all Scotland will "adopt" Celtic on August 5, whether in effect Celtic are people's favourites or not.

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Jimmy Robertson, one of the Tottenham cup-final heroes, will also be making a return to his native country, and he, too, will be ultra-keen to see Spurs win.

This right-wing "Flying Scot" has come on by leaps and bounds since leaving St. Mirren for what now looks like a gift price of £25,000.

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And behind him, Pat Jennings will certainly show Glasgow fans why he is now rated among Britain's best keepers.

But Celtic have a star-studded side too. Admittedly, Stein's stars are almost entirely "home grown". Willie Wallace, who gave England such a shock at Wembley at the end of last season, cost £30,000. Joe McBride, that much-travelled, high-scoring centre-forward, also cost a fat fee from Motherwell.

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But players like Billy McNeill, Jimmy Johnstone and Tommy Gemmell, the flying full-back who starred in the Lisbon defeat of Inter, are all very much players who have been moulded in the Celtic image from leaving school.

Why do I take Celtic to beat the Spurs constellation? Simply because I feel Jock Stein's super soccer men, having achieved that memorable grand-slam last season, are going to move in against Spurs knowing they are Europe's best.

They will want to prove it by defeating Spurs as decisively as they did Manchester United in a similar match in Glasgow at the beginning of last season.

But most important of all, I think Celtic are a side with tremendous scope for improvement. True, Spurs are also, but great though their traditions are, they have not as yet achieved the remarkable success story Celtic wrote into Scottish soccer history last season.

The Parkhead players, without doubt, have now realised just what a great—and I mean great—team they are. Self-confidence, without over-confidence, is a wonderful boost in itself. Coupled with such natural ability and, of course, a tremendously partisan home crowd behind them, I'm taking Stein's side to win, but I'm sure it will be both close and classic.

So much for the loudmouths who condemned the Scottish party which set out on their round-the-world close-season tour.

No one knew more than the SFA hierarchy that this was far from being the best Scottish side to leave these shores.

Clubs having first call ensured the absence of most of our top players. Yet despite the missing "big men", Denis Law and Jim Baxter, those twin tormentors of England's world champions at Wembley, no side could have returned with a better record.

Nine matches: nine victories. And I don't give a damn what the standard of the opposition amounted to. The point was that the Scottish party were publicly slated in the overseas press before their arrival, particularly in Australia.

Yet they still proved far too strong for anything their hosts could put in the field against them.

Certainly in terms of success it was a wonderful tour. But it has an even greater advantage—Bobby Brown was able to get right through to a lot of young players who could well make up the backbone of future Scottish international sides.

The fact that so many untried youngsters were offered the opportunity of parading their skills before the team manager in a semi-international tour gave them a tremendous incentive.

Not having seen any of the matches, I cannot comment too greatly. But I do hear that the youngster who made perhaps the greatest impact of all was Burnley winger Willie Morgan.

This youngster certainly impressed not only his playing colleagues, but the powers-that-be off the field.

Even if only Morgan breaks through from the younger ranks, previously unconsidered, the tour will have been worth while to Bobby Brown, the man who has settled in so swiftly and well to the task of taking Scotland back to a position of real prominence in world football.

★ **JOHN STONE**

BASLE TOP

News from Switzerland

By Arthur Rotmil

THE coveted League and Cup "double" is becoming fairly common in Switzerland. After FC Zürich accomplished it last season, now FC Basle followed suit, thus claiming the distinction of being the sixth Swiss club to perform this feat, which has now been achieved for the 13th (!) time. Grasshoppers were "double" winners six times, in 1927, 1937, 1942, 1943, 1952 and 1956; Lausanne twice, in 1935 and 1944; La Chaux-de-Fonds twice, in 1954 and 1955; Young Boys once in 1958 and FC Zürich once in 1966.

Basle's championship win—only the second in the club's 74-year-old history (previous title in 1953)—was clinched on the last day of the season, for with two games left, defending champs Zürich and Lugano were close on their heels. First to waver were Lugano who crashed by 3-5 at Lausanne in a dramatic encounter which saw the hosts take a 4-0 lead after only 35 minutes play. Lugano pulled back to 3-4 but a dubious penalty settled the issue, ending a fine run of 18 League games without defeat, since September 25, in fact. Meanwhile Basle laboured to a goalless draw against relegation-threatened Winterthur, while Zürich made up ground with a 2-1 victory over Young Boys. In the crucial final round, the league season's record crowd of 31,000 turned out at the St. Jakob stadium in Basle to cheer their favourites against the country's most famous club, Grasshoppers. The hosts early two-nil lead was wiped out and the game hung in the balance but the very tired Basle eleven held out courageously to complete the most triumphant year in their history. Zürich's and Lugano's victories were not enough, leaving both a point behind the new king-pins of Swiss football.

Founded November 15, 1893, Basle are this country's fourth oldest club after St. Gallen (1879), Grasshoppers (1886) and Servette (1890). Their other successes concern the SFV-Cup which they won four times, in 1933, 1947, 1963, 1967. Basle are worthy champions having topped the table from the 10th league round, remaining unbeaten during the first half of the series and without a home defeat throughout. They established a new record by conceding only nine away goals — this after failing to win away the previous season! — and drew the largest crowds in 10 out of 26 rounds, while in 14 out of 26 games they attracted more than 10,000 fans.

This season has in fact smashed all attendance records with a total of 1,070,000 watching the games, an average of 6,320 per match. Together with Moutier, Winterthur have been relegated after losing the play-off by 1-3 to Chaux-de-Fonds (goal average doesn't count here). They will be replaced by Lucerne and Bellinzona who finished well clear of their nearest challengers. But there is no respite for Swiss teams despite the nerve-racking battles for honours or survival. Ten (!) of them are—at the time of writing—taking part in the Rappan Cup, Alpine Cup and Friendship Cup! Leading goalscorers: Künzli (FC Zürich) and Blättler (Grasshoppers) 24, Martinelli (FC Zürich) and Amez-Droz (Grenchen) 18, Frigerio (Basle) and Frochaux (Sion) 16, Hauser (Basle) 14.

NATIONAL LEAGUE—FINAL TABLE

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
Basle	**26**	**16**	**8**	**2**	**61**	**20**	**40**
Zürich	26	18	3	5	70	31	39
Lugano	26	17	5	4	51	29	39
Grasshoppers	26	14	4	8	60	31	32
Servette	26	10	6	10	49	35	26
Sion	26	10	6	10	48	38	26
Young Boys	26	10	6	10	44	48	26
Grenchen	26	10	4	12	43	49	24
Young Fellows	26	9	6	11	33	44	24
Lausanne	26	9	3	14	46	44	21
Biel	26	8	5	13	25	42	21
Chaux-de-Fonds	26	8	4	14	34	48	20
Winterthur	26	8	4	14	33	54	20
Moutier	26	2	2	22	16	100	6

Last two in Fairs

Fairs Cup Review

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PROSPECTS IMPROVE

English Review by LESLIE PAGE

THERE were many this summer who longed for the golden days of July, 1966, for what happened then has surely coloured the pattern of our thinking and watching. The raised hatchets which threaten to rain upon my head, wielded by those who still feel England had all the Gods and all the winds in their favour, can fall with murderous intent. To steer me from the fact that the England victory did more for our football than anything in the last ten years, would be to batter at a stronghold long ago sufficiently fortified to withstand the most forceful attacks.

Those who immediately after England's World Cup win forecast staggering increases in spectator participation in all the major contests, were doomed to disappointment. Increase there was, in the long run, but the pattern did not become obvious until the turn of the year. In other words, it needed some finely paired FA Cup-ties and a realisation that clubs were making a spirited attempt to provide entertainment before those deeply affected by the July international fare, came back through the domestic week-by-week turnstiles.

A look at the Football League attendance figures showed an increase of 1,695,616 in the season 1966-67 over the previous campaign. Whilst the rise does not bring the figures back to the high-flying days of the immediate post-war years, it is encouraging, not to be sniffed at and, probably, in the region of increase which Alan Hardaker had in mind early in the season when we were rather inclined to say . . . "wait and see."

Division One and Division Two matches showed higher average gates, but Division Three and Division Four slid marginally lower, despite the substantial attendances recorded at home by Queen's Park Rangers through nearly the entire season and the late interest in honours by Middlesbrough.

LEAGUE CUP

The League Cup attracted something close to 1,400,000 spectators with practically all the money going to the clubs who participate so that even a minnow dismissed at the first fence is entitled to cash which helps club survival.

Increased gates for many, a general revival of interest in good class football, still leaves the questions posed by almost two divisions unanswered. Perhaps, not unnaturally, the lower ones draw strength from the giants and semi-giants. Pride and a new found enthusiasm bring them further along the path than they might have travelled if we think back a few seasons when so many clubs in the Football League were sending out distress calls. All this, despite a suggestion at one time to increase the League to 100 clubs.

The fluidity of English football surprises and amazes and those who fight for the more humble are vastly encouraged by an event such as the League Cup Final when Queen's Park Rangers snapped up the trophy from the First Division holders, West Bromwich Albion, which almost certainly brought about the dismissal of their manager, Jimmy Hagan.

Many League clubs hoisted the banner for soccer round the globe in the close-season and it will remain to be seen whether some of these quite exhausting exercises serve the purpose for which they are intended. In many cases opposition was weak, in others squabbles arose, but most importantly, the clubs would need to judge from mid-August onwards the extent to which players were jaded by the long, long months of continuous activity. It is only natural that British clubs are wanted overseas, especially since the last World Cup. Our top teams and our top players, however, are more often than not fully committed in careers short enough in an era of double-pace living and some guiding principle needs to be resolved on the entire question of close-season combat.

A Football Association party performed at EXPO '67 in Montreal; the Under 23's played three matches in Europe; numerous clubs toured under their own steam and others were to be found in the United States playing in different colours and under different names, a state of affairs which could well bring the avid fan to frantic confusion to say nothing of indignation. If you were founded in 1863 as Stoke City, it seems to me the odds are you would like to retain the name on the other side of the Atlantic 104 years later.

The Expo '67 affair so far as Association Football was concerned, ended on a much higher note than it began, not that the plane at any time was monstrously uplifting. In the first place, we were asked to send the England international side which by implication meant most of the world cup players. This was never possible as England, through Sir Alfred Ramsey, had made it plain they were not touring in 1967 in order to keep a promise to the League clubs who wished to tour individually with all their star men. As it happened, the full England team would have been somewhat out of place as the other participating countries sent club sides.

IMAGE

The Football Association party was, nevertheless, a strong one and much harm would have been done to our image if the tourists had been beaten. The party on their arrival found the accommodation provided very much below the standard expected by senior soccermen and it is to the credit of the tourists and manager, Ramsey, that very little was said which might have been taken as an insult.

There was little doubt the football tournament was very much of a side show so far as Canada was concerned, as might be American football or baseball in the United Kingdom. It was hardly the correct setting for representatives of the country holding the World Cup.

To make matters worse, the playing pitch caused what might have been a serious rift. The area had been occupied only a few days before the FA party's arrival by a circus of considerable size. Ramsey and his men were appalled at the state of the arena and even the placid team manager came out into the open saying, he very much doubted if he should risk expensive talent in conditions likely to cause serious injury.

The start of the tournament was delayed and a remarkable job of renovation completed in time for the first match. Whilst the surface was just about acceptable, it restricted the movement of all the players to a considerable extent. In an effort to keep the peace little more was said to upset the Canadian organisers, although a lesson for the future was learned the hard way.

Information on overseas projects needs to be thoroughly vetted before a national party is committed to an occasion which might well turn out to be a fiasco. That the Montreal venture ever got under way at all, was thanks to the Canadian gift for hard work and the statesmanship of the touring party from England to say nothing of the club sides who participated from which there was little or no comment.

ENERGETIC

If the tournament told Ramsey anything, it was that Alan Ball continues to be the most energetic player in English football, Brian Labone might be able to take over the Jackie Charlton mantle and transatlantic refereeing has a long way to go before it can be described even as competent.

For those whose football memories reach back to the days before the first world war, the relegation of Aston Villa will hurt in a strange old world way. Villa took a dive to Division Two in 1959 to pop back again one season later. The damage, then, has been done before and memories need to be long to recall Villa's golden years. Their last FA Cup win was in 1957 since when they have been forced to content themselves with the League Cup in 1961 and the Division Two Championship in 1960.

Villa's last League Championship was in 1910 and, by and large, the ghosts of the past haunt Villa Park where once mighty deeds were enacted. The average crowd last season was a little over 22,000 or roughly half that of the post-war boom period, although even Villa contributed to the all-over increase at League, FA Cup and Football League Cup matches which passed the two and a half million mark, by pushing their own average attendance up by 1,000 or so in relegation year.

ENTHUSIAST

Aston Villa, however, are still held in high esteem by the Birmingham sporting enthusiast and it would only need a mild revival for the ground to be closed long before kick-off several times in a season. It must appear to all and sundry that Villa's board of directors do not approve of spending money on player transfers. The most the club has ever paid is £28,500 for Johnny MacLeod from Arsenal in September 1965.

Some of the deals the club has made could hardly be described as astute or businesslike. George Graham was sold to Chelsea for £5,000. Last season Graham left Chelsea for Arsenal and the fee was nearly £75,000. Tony Hateley left Villa Park for Stamford Bridge at a fee of £100,000. A large proportion of that money remains on deposit at the bank; and Villa begin the new season in Division Two. Fans in the Birmingham area, faithful as they are up to a point, vent their feelings in no uncertain matter when asked to comment on the chances of their team shooting back to the senior school at the first attempt.

The re-entry of Wolverhampton to Division One brings back a combination which has yet to rival the period spanned by Stanley Cullis and Billy Wright. Ronnie Allen has worked methodically and the latest signing of Derek Dougan was just the additional catalysing agent needed to keep Wolves on the promotion road, although they were forced, eventually, to conceed Championship honours to Coventry promoted from Division Three in 1964 where they had remained since 1952 after a previous spell in Division Two.

The bearded Jimmy Hill, must at least be one of the best known managers in English soccer and it has not been for the want of trying that Coventry are now with the elite which the former leader of the PFA always forecast would come true. Both Coventry and Wolves have considerable tasks in proving themselves where one slip can cause the fatal slide to begin. Coventry's first time in the section will be watched with the same fascination as the arrivals of Ipswich, Champions 1962, relegated 1964; Leyton Orient promoted 1962, relegated 1963; Northampton promoted, 1965, relegated 1966; Luton Town whose adventures are so well known and Southampton who hung on tenaciously last season in their first major campaign.

Northampton's rise and fall has been swift and painful. Promoted from Division Three in 1963, the club is back where it started and Dave Bowen remains at the helm, showing that some club boards have a heart or acknowledge the fact that only big purchases can, in the main, keep the swift risers with the top-notchers.

Queen's Park Rangers' return to Division Two was the one plain thing certain in the Football League from last August until the close. To win the League Cup in such splendid fashion emphasised the team's fighting spirit and skill. They confidently expect to build from strength and under Alec Stock and with a dominating home crowd who can doubt this belief.

BACK AGAIN

Middlesbrough came from behind to return to Division Two after only one season, encouraged by Stan Anderson and the goals of John O'Rourke, formerly with Luton Town and Chelsea, who gained recognition with the England Under 23's during the close-season three match tour of Europe. Watford, beaten into third place by a point, will hope they can reproduce late season form in a Division which can rapidly change in character from one season to the next.

Carlisle promoted from Division Four in 1964, promoted from Division Three 1965, third place Division Two 1967, obviously need watching for the future, although guide and mentor, Alan Ashman, has slipped away to manage West Bromwich.

Middlesbrough players celebrate their promotion to Division Two after their victory against Oxford United. They are, left to right: Don Masson, John Hickton, Gordon Jones, Geoff Butler. Front kneeling: Derek Downing, John O'Rourke, Eric McMordie. (L.1.)

Jimmy Hagan, who has left the position as manager of West Bromwich Albion. (A.)

FAVOURITE OF MINE

Leslie Vernon Speaking Personally

THE shouting has stopped, the terraces are empty, the football season is over. The first real "shut down" the world game has had since 1965 — two years of continuous struggle for points, for Cups, for recognition, for success. It is time now during this short pause to reflect on what has happened, to analyse and to judge.

The first word that comes to mind is mediocrity. Football standards have never been lower in living memory! The giants of the past have disappeared and there is not a team anywhere in sight to take their place. The all-conquering England side of the Ramsey era is an admirably efficient outfit, nothing more. They are not built in the same classic mould as the great Brazilians and Hungarians were. They do not excite the imagination, fascinate the uncommitted, enthuse and inspire the rest of the world — a world which needs idols, examples to follow, targets to reach out for.

I do not attempt to minimise Ramsey's achievements. Under his management the England players do perform consistently above their own club form not as in the past, well below it. Jimmy Greaves is the only player who does not seem to be able to reproduce his best in the international jersey, that is why he is in and out of the side. This England team is a fast, workmanlike, solid combination, the players are determined, strong, full of confidence, are in perfect physical condition. Watching them is like seeing a steam-roller at work, relentless, unstoppable, but predictable and dull. The results speak for themselves, but there is a lack of finesse, subtlety. It is aggressive football to the point of brutality.

Portugal and Hungary, the two most artistic exponents of the game, both have fatal weaknesses. The Portuguese machinery runs on the dual genius of Eusebio and Coluna. The brilliant inside-forward is the most exciting footballer in the world today, but can be played out of a game by sheer force of numbers as the Stiles, Charlton, Moore diagonal line of defence demonstrated in the Wembley semi-final. Coluna is slightly over the top, a recent cartilage operation might mean the end of his career. Pinto, Torres, Simoes are all very good players, but the brittleness of the defence does not give the team a solid enough base. Three points out of three matches in the European Championship shows a lack of consistency.

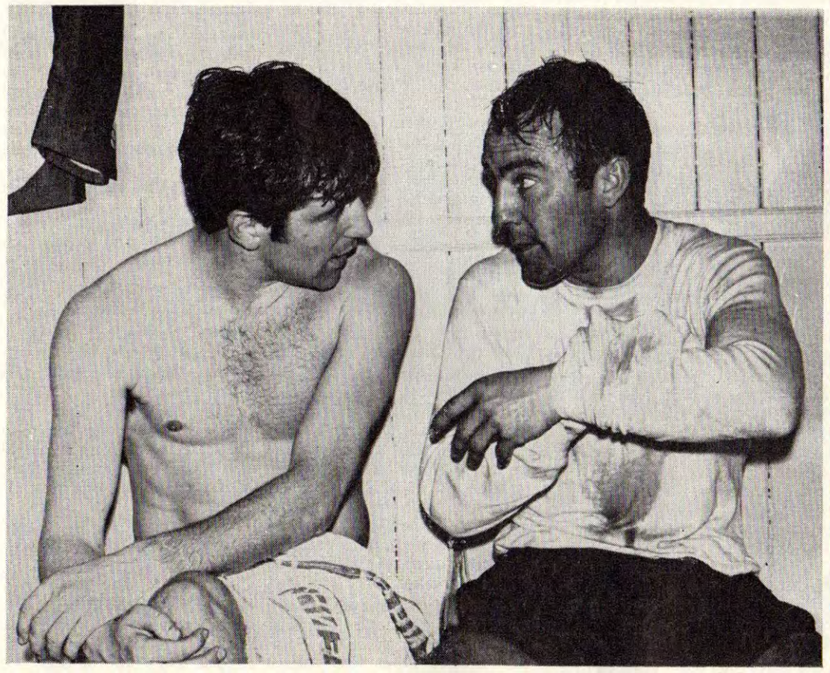
Hungary has done better during the past year, they are leading their group in the EC with seven points out of the possible eight. These good results are due to the natural talent of the players rather than to planning and dedication. Central European football has always put the emphasis on artistry, individual brilliance and the inborn attacking flair. The legendary Kocsis - Hidegkuti - Puskas inside trio was the personification of the wildest dreams of a Hungarian football supporter. Their mental picture, style of play, attitude to the game still hangs ominously over the present scene. This is the ideal they are all subconsciously striving for, not the eight man defence, the number games, the various counter attack ploys. The Press, coaches and players are all paying lip service to the so-called "modern game," but they secretly despise the whole ghastly conception of "all out" defences, safety first tactics.

Consequently the whole "set-up" has a split personality, the efforts to face the harsh realities of present day requirements are half-hearted, the self-indulgent play of the few artists is criticised. The Hungarians must make up their minds which way they are going—I hope they will return to their own brand of classical football giving a hopeful, constructive lead to the rest of the world. If they fail, they will do so on their own terms, not as a poor carbon copy of Burnley!

Fallen in

The Latins have been digging their own graves for years and now they have finally fallen in. The time wasting, irritating short passing "possession game" in mid-field, coupled with the destructive mass defences have had their day. The Spaniards have no forwards to speak of, not a single player who is determined to put the ball in the net. They have been coached, hypnotised, stupified into such a state of mind, that now the players go on the field hoping for a goalless draw! 0-0 is considered as a peak achievement in a country, where not so long ago, Di Stefano, Kopa and Suarez were the idols of the crowds. In the meantime, of course, Suarez has been emasculated in that other temple of anti-football, San Siro. With the help of Herrera, the Italians have also reached the point of no return. The resting place of Italian football is Mantova, where the local team not only occupied a respectable position in the League table with hardly any goals scored, but had a vital part to play in the eventual outcome of the Championship itself. They beat Inter 1-0, so Juventus won the trophy.

"Catenaccio" like a hungry parasite strangled the Italian game, and now swallows its victims one by one. The last supper was on the night of May 25 in Lisbon, when Inter were the sacrificial beasts of their own suicidal tactics. I predict that unless the Latins change their whole approach to football, they will not win any important competition for years to come!



Tottenham Hotspur colleagues Terry Venables (left) and Jimmy Greaves indulge in a spot of dressing-room chatter. (A.)

● *Continued on page 42*

GEORGE EASTHAM

Feature by COLIN McALPIN

IF Ards Football Club are not enjoying the best of fortune at the present time, can anybody doubt that success it just around the corner?

No, if they take another look at the remarkable record of the Ards manager, George Eastham, and remember what glories he brought to Castlereagh Park during an earlier association and to Grosvenor Park while boss of Distillery.

Eastham could be called, in the nicest possible sense of the word, a Goldfinger—he has that certain something that stamps him as a manager among managers. A man who, with the minimum of talent available, can mould a classic side capable of taking on the best Europe has to offer and give as good as they get.

If you doubt me, let me take you back through the years to 1958 when, at Windsor Park, Belfast, Ards met French champions Rheims in a European Cup tie. They lost 4-1 but gave the visitors a battle for that second-round place.

On a few years to Eastham's most famous success when, as manager of Distillery, his team drew 3-3 with Benfica and were unlucky not to travel to Portugal with a two-goal advantage for the second leg. That was in 1963, and in the game George's old friend Tom Finney, of Preston and England fame, came out of retirement to show the crowd that he was still the eye-catching wizard.

That Benfica team included no less than eight world-class stars: Eusebio the most famous of the internationals on show.

Europe sat up and took notice of the little Irish League club of part-time footballers who had pulled the lion's tail. Europe, as I learned on a recent visit to Paris, still talks of that result.

The Eastham story is full of such success stories—even during his days in England he has been associated with some of football's most dramatic moments.

During his English grammar-school days George was a clever rugby player who found himself becoming more and more interested in soccer. One day, while watching a team in Blackpool playing in a minor league game, he was invited to fill in a space—so well did he fill it that he remained with the Blackpool Accountants for the rest of the season and managed to escape the "no football" rules of a strictly oval-ball school.

A Bolton Wanderers scout spotted him with the Accountants and arranged a trial with the Second Division side. In 1930–31, at the age of 17, he signed and matured under the coaching of Walter Rowley, who was later to find fame as manager of Liverpool and Shrewsbury Town.

During his five-year stay in Bolton he was in the first team that reached the semi-final of the Cup in 1934. They lost to West Bromwich Albion after a replay.

Two years later, when they were top of the First Division, George Eastham travelled south to join Brentford, who had battled their way from the Third Division in successive seasons.

In 1939 he was transferred back to his earlier haunts and was with Blackpool when war broke out. He joined the army and in Greece played against a touring side led by Matt Busby and including such famous names as Frank Swift and Bert Sprostan. He impressed the Manchester United boss so much that he joined the team the following day for a game against a representative Greek side.

Back to Blackpool after the war for a short spell until health problems forced him out of the game. After a rest he was signed by Lincoln City, a team going through an indifferent period.

But, again, that Eastham touch played a hand in a moment of history when the City, suffering a long run of defeats, hammered Tottenham Hotspur, basking in the glories of a long run of home victories.

The obscurity of Cheshire League football followed after three years in Lincolnshire. He was quite prepared to fade quietly into the background until, in 1953, Peter Doherty mentioned him to Ards. He came to Northern Ireland and began the greatest period in his football life.

Ards, in his first season, carried off the County Antrim Shield and Gold Cup. The next season even greater success was recorded when the senior side won the Irish League and the reserves won the "B" Division.

While in Paris for the return leg of the Rheims game Eastham was approached by Accrington Stanley and became their manager. With a side that already had the hoodoo on it he even managed to work in a bit of sunshine. Under his management, Stanley, shortly after to drop into the history books as a club that didn't quite manage to live with the modern, success-or-nothing football world, reached the fifth round of the FA Cup and climbed half-way up the Third Division table.

Sammy Moore, a director of Distillery, had been making tempting offers for some time and Eastham finally returned to the scenes of his former successes in the Irish League.

That "golden touch" was soon working overtime at Grosvenor Park. Twice the Irish League title came to Belfast, so did the City Cup and the Irish Cup almost joined the honours list. Linfield, however, were to have some share of the honours going and after a stirring final they won 2-1.

A cloud broke over the happy Grosvenor Park scene and Eastham, much to the disgust of Moore and a fellow director, was sacked. Moore, shortly after, departed the Park and the Whites have never really been the same since.

And now Eastham, whose son George has played 19 times for England and played for Arsenal and Stoke City, is back at Castlereagh Park, Newtownards.

At the start of the present season Ards were considered one of the most outstanding sides in the Irish League. They won a place in the semi-final of the Gold Cup before going out to Crusaders after a couple of replays; they were third in the Irish League and looked capable of staying there before, for some unknown reason, they began the long slide down the table.

They seemed a strong bet for the Irish Cup until that remarkable first round game against Coleraine when the Bannsiders, with a depleted side, had to remain in the dressing-rooms because of arctic conditions which picked off their players one at a time.

Eastham claimed strongly that, as his team were prepared to continue the game (they were winning 2-1), they should have been awarded it. The Ards manager also claimed that as the game had lasted 76 minutes it should have been awarded to his team.

As usually happens, the IFA ordered a replay and Coleraine won. Eastham hasn't forgiven the authorities for that decision and is still boiling with anger at what he considers a terrible decision.

In the City Cup Ards, after three games, had collected two points. They were down at the foot of the table and had to point sadly to a 1-0 defeat at the hands of a greatly improved Cliftonville.

But in spite of such dismal performances there is always Eastham, working quietly in the background, seeking new methods to bring success to County Down. He'll do it, there is not an Ards supporter who thinks differently!

LESLIE VERNON

● *Continued from page 40*

As West German and Russian football is only a weaker imitation of the British game, so is South American football a paler copy of European Latin methods. With the sad decline of the Brazilians, who had their own inimitable style, we can only look for inspiration to Argentina and Uruguay. The former has great potential but is held back by over emphasis on defence, the latter is dogged by financial difficulties and lack of star material. South American football is going through a period of change and by 1970 I expect to see them dominate the World Cup, but right now they do not command my admiration.

While the international picture is depressing, the domestic season in England was very satisfactory. Outstanding teams, playing entertaining football, won all the major trophies. The creative artists are taking over once again from the plodding method boys. I include here QPR as the exponents of enterprising, attacking football. Les Allen, Mark Larazus and that wayward personality Rodney Marsh have proved that there is no substitute for skill, not even in the lower divisions. Manchester United has been a household name all over the globe for the past decade. The names Best, Charlton and Law spell scintillating forward play, no method here of *liberos, stoppers* or *wingless wonders*. They also have a new forward sensation coming along in rapid strides according to my information from Australia. He is the 17-year-old Brian Kidd, who had better press "Down Under" than either Denis Law or Bobby Charlton. Worthy Cup winners, Tottenham Hotspur are also built on outstanding forward talent. Gilzean is my own number one pin-up boy here, a player of instinctive, delicate, subtle precision. Robertson and Venables are also great footballers, less showy but just as effective. I have very strong sympathies for Chelsea and was hoping against all reasonable pre-assessment that the "Blues" would win the Cup. After less than ten minutes play it became obvious that Spurs had all the aces. I was sitting there, my senses numbered, waiting for the inevitable Tottenham goals. They did come, the victors took them for granted, even the celebrations seemed perfunctory. It was a very good football match, perhaps did not have the usual intoxicated Cup Final atmosphere, but my own battered ears were grateful for a comparatively quiet afternoon. Less singing, less chanting, less rowdiness would be a great blessing for next season.

The national press paraded all their usual "anti-foreign" prejudices during the season. All the foreign refs "made too much fuss," every foreign player injured was a "phoney" (substituted or not), every British player sent-off in international matches (more than ever) was "provoked into retaliation." England only lost to Scotland because Jackie Charlton was injured, but Amancio's injury early in the second half of the Wembley game when the score was 0-0 was hardly mentioned. The journalists really went to town when reporting the unimportant Expo '67 tournament from Montreal, they declared the pitch "unfit," the accommodation "shameful," the refs "biased and ignorant of the rules," the opposition "dirty.'

The Final of this ridiculous, farcical series of matches v. a club team, Borussia Dortmund, was reported like a deciding battle during the Israel–Arab confrontation. We read about the brave British boys battling, fighting as they have never(?) done before. No mention of football spoilt any of the reports I have seen. Even the usually sober "Moshe" Ramsey had this to say: "The boys fully appreciated the importance of this occasion. They murdered the Germans — they pounded them into the ground." I hope they managed to get up again before the next lot of circus elephants arrived.

EIRE ROUND-UP

● *Continued from page 25*

line, but in the end it was the local boys who made good. Jack Hennessy, Johnny Campbell and Noel Dixon were headline-hitters. Yes, a good show by the Inchicoremen.

The downward trend continues with Drumcondra, and their poor play was not surprising considering the loss of such stalwarts as Fran Brennan, Campbell and Billy Dixon. The arrival from Bury of Bray and Atherton did nothing to arrest the decline. Defeat by Home Farm in the cup was the straw that broke many Tolka hearts. At the finish, after a lot of chopping and changing, the last line-out was little improved on the first. It's going to be a long struggle before the Tolka tots grow up.

Cork Hibernians and Drogheda United avoided bottom placing by virtue of a better goal chart than Cork Celtic, who, in company with Shelbourne, were voted back at the annual general meeting of the League of Ireland. Hibs appointed former Irish international Amby Fogarty as player-coach and the former Sunderland success was getting results when time ran out. Flower Lodge should be a packed place when the new season gets under way. Drogheda United, under the direction of former Shelbourne captain Theo Dunne and with Ronnie Whelan from St. Patrick's, had their best season since entering senior ranks. This despite their low league position. They got to the cup semi-final for the first time after ousting Bohemians in the shock of the competition.

Pity Cork Celtic and Shelbourne, for whom nothing went right. Celtic did a good deal when they signed Carol Davenport from Macclesfield Town. Davenport got goals in every game. Had he had support, he might have saved Celtic. He has been appointed coach for next season, but a few new forwards are needed if the Turner's Cross combination wish to keep in step with neighbours Hibernians.

And at the bottom, Shelbourne. Only a short time ago the famous Reds were firmly entrenched at the top. Eire's oldest professional club never had it so bad. Their team of teenage terrors matured elsewhere. Dowling and Hennessy are with St. Patrick's; Hannagan went to Dundalk via Wrexham; Eric Barber is with Birmingham City; Joe Haverty went to America; and only Paddy Roberts and Freddie Strahan remain of the old brigade. Gibby McKenzie, who replaced Doyle as manager, has also departed. Like Drumcondra, Shelbourne face a long road back. Their first step is to appoint a manager. Expect them to do that very soon.

LEAGUE OF IRELAND, 1966-7

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
Dundalk	**22**	**15**	**4**	**3**	**54**	**19**	**34**
Bohemians	22	12	3	7	45	27	27
Sligo Rovers	22	11	5	6	37	29	27
Limerick	22	9	6	7	31	29	24
Waterford	22	11	1	10	53	48	23
St. Patricks	22	8	5	9	49	51	21
Shamrock R.	22	8	4	10	31	31	20
Drumcondra	22	6	8	8	35	38	20
Cork Hibs.	22	7	5	10	31	39	19
Drogheda Utd.	22	7	5	10	31	42	19
Cork Celtic	22	8	3	11	30	52	19
Shelbourne	22	4	3	15	32	54	11

CZECH PROBLEMS

—from page 31

Later I was told there was no bone injury, no muscle torn—only a cut which required four stitches. Perhaps the doctor was over-liberal with his stitches—maybe one would have done—and perhaps none at all. At any event I am quite positive that in Italy, in England or in Russia, Adamec would not have left the field. He would have remained in the game to score two goals—even if it meant having a stitch and going back on. Even if it meant having a pain-killing injection in order to play on.

Either way a disciplined and determined player would not have wanted to come off—and his boss would not have let him!

Later I saw Adamec behave like a little girl in the first leg of the Czech FA Cup Final. Before the game Adamec was awarded a gold medal in recognition of his 22 goal feat. Receiving the award Adamec smiled for the cameras and no doubt said thank you. He might as well have changed back right then and sat in the stand to watch for he contributed nothing to the game.

Sulking because he wasn't receiving easy goal chances, Adamec insisted on taking five short corners on the left in the space of three minutes. Each one he wasted—and as the top marksman his place was in the goalmouth and not indulging in amateur theatricals on the touchline to demonstrate his bad luck.

Elsewhere in the world Adamec would have learned a long time ago that there is no excuse for not giving 100 per cent in every game. His club, his public and his boss expect it—his boss should demand it and be satisfied with nothing less. In terms of club morale Adamec is a menace.

What would a really tough coach do with Adamec? First he would try to persuade him, by ordering him to extra training alone. A fortnight of sprinting alone up and down the steps of the terraces carrying bags of sand in each hand might improve Adamec's attitude after a month out of the team.

If this treatment failed to discipline Adamec then he should be allowed to join another club for in this way the remaining players would be warned. If the star can be punished then surely ordinary players must watch out!

Summing up I cannot see that Czech football will again rise to prominence unless and until all these problems have been successfully tackled. In Britain we have different problems—we have "fight" and we have discipline, but we lack the skill of the Czechs, and we too do not know how to play the real game against deep defences.

EUROPEAN CUP RESULTS

Celtic (2-0, 3-0) Zurich
Nantes (3-2, 5-2) Reykjavik
→ **Celtic** (3-1, 3-1) Nantes

Atletico Madrid (2-0, 3-1) Malmo FF
Vojvodina (1-0, 0-0) Admira Vienna
→ Atletico Madrid (0-2, 2-0, 2-3) Vojvodina

→ **Celtic** (0-1, 2-0) Vojvodina

Ajax (2-0, 2-1) Besiktas
Liverpool (3-1, 1-3, 2-0) Petrolul Ploesti
→ **Ajax** (5-1, 2-2) Liverpool

Anderlecht (10-1, 2-0) Haka Valkeakoski
Esbjerg (0-2, 0-4) Dukla Prague
→ Anderlecht (1-4, 1-2) Dukla Prague

→ Ajax (1-1, 1-2) Dukla Prague

→ **Celtic** (3-1, 0-0) **Celtic**

Linfield (3-3, 6-1) Aris Luxemburg
Valerengen (walkover 17th Nendori for V.)
→ Linfield (4-1, 1-1) Valerengen

Gornik Zabrze (2-1, 1-2, Vorwarts Berlin 3-1)
CSKA Sofia (3-1, 0-1) Olympiakos
→ Gornik Zabrze (0-4, 3-0) CSKA Sofia

→ Linfield (2-2, 0-1) CSKA Sofia

Real Madrid (holders) A bye
1860 Munich (8-0, 2-1) Omonio Nicosia
→ Real Madrid (0-1, 3-1) 1860 Munich

Sporting Lisbon (0-5, 0-2) Vasas Budapest
Torpedo Moscow (0-1, **Inter-Milan** 0-0)
→ Vasas Budapest (1-2, 0-2) **Inter-Milan**

→ Real Madrid (0-1, 0-2) **Inter-Milan**

→ CSKA Sofia (1-1, 1-1, 0-1) **Inter-Milan**

CELTIC 2
INTER-MILAN 1

CUP WINNERS CUP RESULTS

First Round	Second Round	Quarter-final	Semi-final	Final
Bayern Munich (1-3, 1-2) Tatran Presov	**Bayern Munich** (1-3, 1-2)			
Shamrock Rovers (4-4, 1-1) Spora Luxembourg	Shamrock Rovers	**Bayern Munich** (0-2, 1-0)	**Bayern Munich**	
O.F.K. Belgrade (1-0, 3-3) Spartak Moscow	Spartak Moscow (1-0, 1-1)	Rapid Vienna		
Rapid Vienna (4-5, 0-3) Galatasaray	Rapid Vienna		(2-3, 0-1)	**Bayern Munich**
Fiorentina (1-2, 0-4) Vasas Gyor	Vasas Gyor (3-0, 0-2)	Vasas Gyor		
AEK Athens (0-2, 1-3) Sporting Braga	Sporting Braga	(2-0, 1-2)	Standard Liege	
Chemie Leipzig (3-2, 0-2) Legia Warsaw	Chemie Leipzig (2-0, 1-1*)	Standard Liege		
Standard Liege (5-1, 1-0) Apollon Limassol	Standard Liege			(1-0)
Slavia Sofia (1-4, 1-0) Swansea	Slavia Sofia (0-2, 1-0)	Slavia Sofia		
Racing Strasbourg (1-1, Steaua 0-1)	Racing Strasbourg	(0-3, 1-0)	Slavia Sofia	
Servette (1-2, 1-1) Kamraterna	Servette (2-0, 0-1)	Servette		
Floriana (1-0, 1-6) Sparta Rotterdam	Sparta Rotterdam		(0-0, 1-1)	**Rangers**
Skeid (3-1, 2-3) Zaragoza	Zaragoza (2-0, 0-1)	Zaragoza		
Aalborg (0-1, 0-2) Everton	Everton	(0-2, 2-0*)	**Rangers**	
Glentoran (1-0, 1-4) **Rangers**	Borussia Dortmund (1-0, 2-0) **Rangers**	**Rangers**		

* Standard won 3-2 by the away goals ruling.

* Rangers won by toss of a coin.

Preliminary Round: Standard Liege 8 Valur 1; Valur 1 Standard Liege 1.

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